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NON-RESIDENT fees in State universities are a common provision, but the University of California has added to its fee of $150 for students from outside the State an extra sum of $50 for all foreigners. Whether they live in the State or not, according to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, foreign students who have not taken out their first papers must pay both fees. Since Orientals are denied citizenship and since most foreign students have no intention of becoming citizens, this will heavily reduce the number of Hindus and Chinese and Siberians and other Asiatic boys and girls who have flocked to the university. This is a poor time to put up bars against such friendly emissaries from distant lands as college students have proved to be. They come to us because they like us and admire our customs and methods; they carry home and apply these customs and methods—sometimes, to be sure, without due consideration of the results—and with them they carry home a feeling of friendly intimacy. If they are shut out from our great universities by specially devised fees and regulations, we will sacrifice what is probably the greatest influence for peace and good-feeling between us and other lands now existing, and the international tradition of scholarship and learning will be miserably betrayed.

EXIT the problem of Fiume. Italy takes the city and the glory, and Jugoslavia wins the port and the economic advantages. The Free City dies, and with it fades another Wilsonian dream. The business of dotting Europe with internationally "safeguarded" free cities, neutral zones, and independent districts was not born of an attempt to internationalize Europe but of a desire to camouflage the failures of diplomats and to soften the wounds to political prestige. When the statesmen could not agree they created a "free state." They knew well enough that the free cities could not last, but they did not dare admit failure to their constituents. Out of their refusal to face the music has come the threat of half a dozen wars, and more will come. Poland seized Vilna and the disputed territory to the east; Lithuania seized Memel; Italy seized Fiume, and the veil that concealed the fact is now torn away. Some day Danzig will become either German or Polish, and the Sarre either French or German. Internationalization might work were there a genuine concert of the Powers to supervise it; but a League born out of Allied victory, excluding the two great Powers of northern and eastern Europe, is inevitably flouted at every turn and helpless in an emergency.

THE temperamental mayor of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, complains that while he was away his city got in a ferment. "I decided," he said, "that the only thing to do was to send these newcomers out of town and keep them out." These newcomers are Negroes, two thousand of whom have been forced out of town within the past week under Mayor Cauffiel's order that only Negroes who can show seven years' residence be allowed to remain in the city. This is the same mayor that brought nation-wide attention to Johnstown a year ago by his spectacular stand on the sale of beer. So far the Ku Klux Klan has been the only group to praise the mayor for "banning Negroes purely on his own authority, unsupported by any statute of Pennsylvania or the United States." They burned twelve fiery crosses on the hilltops surrounding Johnstown in celebration, apparently not at all concerned by the fact that this thing of disregarding the law may, in the hands of a Governor Walton, prove to their disadvantage.

A REPORT of the Child Welfare Association that child-labor conditions in New Jersey were worse than in any other State brought about a drive on the sweatshop bosses of that State early last July. It was charged that more than a thousand children, most of them between the ages of four and fourteen years, robbed of health, education, and play, were working at their homes in filthy surroundings, embroidering silk underwear, beading gowns, making silk gloves and veils, and working on tin toys destined for happier children. Many of them, tubercular and otherwise diseased, were making "sanitary" powder-puffs and sewing on rompers for talking dolls—a menace to the ultimate consumer. Girls under eight were embroidering "Filipino" night dresses at twelve cents per dozen with a deduction of two cents for floss. Two or three children working with their mothers averaged $3 a week but never rose above $6. Three hundred parents and eighteen contractors were haled into court. Some 400 complaints were made out involving twenty-eight shops in Jersey City and environs and fifteen in New York City. Eight sweatshop bosses were given jail sentences of sixty days in addition

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to their fines. "The jail sentence," said the judge, "will stamp out the practice." Then suddenly the sentences were suspended or stayed by filing notices of appeal, and the whole campaign dropped out of the news. With the election of Mrs. Nellie T. Smith, the Jersey City school teacher who led the crusade against the sweatshops, as the first woman member of the Executive Board of the New Jersey State Federation of Labor, there is a ray of hope that these children may have their childhood in some measure returned to them.

IT appears that we have done Old Sleuth Burns an injustice. We thought the head of the United States Secret Service could see more red to the square inch than anybody in the country; we believed he could concoct a seditious plot with less material than anybody in the world. We were wrong. The officers of the United Mine Workers are entitled to the championship belt for their publicity purporting to show the spread and danger of bolshevism in America. But John L. Lewis and his press agent, Ellis Searles, are four years too late. About this time in 1919 press and public would have lapped up such tales as a cat would fresh cream. Now they are musty bread. The newspapers, to be sure, have printed this serial horror story, but they have consigned it to the inside pages and their readers have yawned and turned to the next column. The one statement that caused even a ripple was the assertion that the massacre last year of non-union coal miners at Herrin, Illinois, was instigated and led by sixty-seven Lithuanian Bolsheviki.

THIS charge was so contrary to all known facts that it has been contradicted by the chairman of the Bituminous Operators' Special Committee and by the prosecuting attorney of Williamson County, the latter stating that of half a hundred persons indicted for the Herrin crime not half a dozen even had foreign names. We have also been reminded that the Coal Commission in a recent report said: "It is true that Communists have made efforts to establish organizations in that county and that a few foreigners were induced to join; but there is no evidence that this had any relation to this lamentable and horrible occurrence." Was Mr. Lewis, then, merely baying the moon? Not exactly. With his eye on the convention of the United Mine Workers, he wanted to secure his position there by discrediting his enemies of the left wing in advance. All's fair in love, war, and labor-union politics.

ALL education is not "Lusked"—even in our United States, where of late years we have seemed in danger of becoming accustomed to government by hysteria. Out of the West (but not from California) comes a superintendent of schools with a recipe for the self-rating of high-school principals, the first system devised, it appears, for measuring the educational "higher-ups." This superintendent believes that the common human tendency to develop an ever-narrowing field of interests and work is a handicap to real education, and accordingly his formula suggests that a principal should be a student of the social and economic life of today in order to make his school "meet the needs of worthy living." The principal who would obtain a passing rank on this test must, with his teachers, study open-mindedly new methods and ideals in teaching as they appear; he must develop a democratic type of school supervision; he must see that his teachers know the importance of developing thinking rather than memory, that they not only give intelligence tests but use the results, and that sufficient attention is given to extra-curricular activities to satisfy the needs of all children. One of the twenty-three questions on this rating-card asks the principal if he reads at least one of a list of seven magazines, all but one of which are devoted mainly to events of the day, the *Survey* and *The Nation* being included. While the card indicates that a definite educational ideal is essential, it is made clear that this may be a changing one. To many a high-school principal such a spirit in his superintendent would be as welcome as it would be unfamiliar.

A DUBIOUS asset at all times, marriage will soon become a positive liability to an enterprising young woman. The news from Atlantic City that contestants in the beautiful bathing-girl competition were ruled out if they were married, and that the particularly lovely entry from Brooklyn, N. Y., may lose three silver loving cups because she has since been discovered to have a husband, should result in a heavy loss of fees at the marriage license bureau for weeks to come. Ye gods! Has the time come when an ambitious, honest, hard-working beauty who aims to help decorate the flat in Flatbush with a few solid silver ornaments is discarded in favor of careless young women with no family responsibilities? The judges may argue that the beauty of the married competitor has already done its deadly work; that she no longer needs the advertisement of a cup and a half-tone reproduction in the rotogravure sections. We unhesitatingly discard this suggestion as old-fashioned, and we hope that another disbarred candidate, Miss Alaska, will recover every cent of the $150,000 damages she is demanding from the competition officials. The truth is that behind this whole bitter controversy may be discerned the play of terrific forces; something more effective than a one-piece bathing suit would be needed to cloak the sinister spectacle of economic determinism in its fatal course.

ALL over the country wherever stories of high adventure are loved—and that is everywhere—people are reading and marveling over the exploit of the young Frenchman, Alain J. Gerbault, who quite alone sailed from Cannes to Fort Totten, L. I., in a 30-foot boat—because he "wanted to see New York" and because he loved the sea. A racing sloop about twice the length of a small canoe. Four and a half months alone with following winds for friends and hurricanes and tropical winds for foes. Lost sails, broken booms, shattered bowsprit—and then 1,500 miles of fair weather and warm winds. Then terrific head winds and tropical rains, broken gear, soaked duffle, and days of fever and unconsciousness. More hurricanes, waves that filled the boat and buried it under tons of water wrecking everything, all but drowning the skipper. Days on end without a moment's sleep; weeks without sight of another vessel; and, at last, land after eighty hours on watch. This story ranks among the world's great epics—along with Ulysses and some distance ahead of the adventures of King Arthur's knights. And it is crowned by that touch of gorgeous insanity that makes heroes out of brave men: Alain Gerbault is buying a new boat. His next voyage will be no puny

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summer-time cruise; it will last three years and lead him around the world.

THE American Civil Liberties Union showed its integrity of purpose when it wrote to H. W. Evans, Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan: "We believe heartily in free speech for Klan as well as anti-Klan, and we offer you our assistance in maintaining that right." At the same time the Civil Liberties Union points out:

> In June, 1922, the home of the Mayor of Columbus, Georgia, was bombed because of his support of law and order as opposed to the Klan's activities. . . . In January of this year a railroad worker in Harrison, Arkansas, a town run by a "Citizens' Committee" of Klansmen, was lynched because he refused to confess to sabotage, of which he was not guilty. . . . The Klan in Harrison recently lynched a man named Lean. Frequent letters from the district inform us that "peaceable assemblage," as well as every other right, is still denied to all but "citizens." . . . Interference with the right of labor unions to organize workers has been one of the principal activities of the Klan. In January of this year J. E. Marsh, a speaker for the Farm Labor Union of Atoka, Oklahoma, was severely beaten by your members and ordered to stop his work for the farmers. A few months later in Bald Knob, Oklahoma, delegates of the Industrial Workers' Union were menaced and searched by a mob of Klansmen and driven out of town. . . . Religious hatred scarcely consistent with your recent defense of "free speech" caused Klansmen of New York to burn churches. . . . School teachers have been dismissed and left without positions in West Virginia and Georgia because of their Catholic faith, and attempts are constantly being made to limit the freedom of children to attend sectarian schools, as witness the recent legislation in Oregon fostered by the Invisible Empire.

TO this indictment might be added the statement from the office of the Governor of Oklahoma that it is the Ku Klux Klan that has led to the need of military rule in Tulsa County. Yet according to the Solicitor General of Georgia, the Klan seems belatedly to be seeking to get rid of the odium it has brought upon itself, by "spending money with apparent sincerity in connection with the local investigation [at Macon, Georgia] and appears to be especially desirous of exposing its own members who have been trapped as participants in the floggings." In Portland, Maine, the Klan suddenly threw its support to municipal reform, thereby, according to the New York *Times*, almost defeating a good thing by the stigma it brought upon it. Whether the new wine of civic virtue can be poured into the old bottles of Klanism, already condemned by public opinion, is a problem the Klan itself must solve. There is no solution in organizing Red Knights to battle the White Knights. As *The Nation* has frequently pointed out, nothing is gained for the cause of law and order by extra-legal methods against any organization, though it be the leader of all outlaws.

BIT by bit we make way against disease. Radium in greater quantities than anywhere previously known has just been discovered in Turkestan, and the find promises to reduce the price of this precious commodity, putting it at the disposal of hospitals and people that so far have been unable to afford it. Simultaneously we read in *Porto Rico Progress* that twenty-five plants of a West African shrub that yields chaulmoogra oil have just been received for setting out at the United States experiment station at Mayaguez. The public is probably not yet familiar with the remarkable results that chaulmoogra oil has had in the treatment of leprosy. Scientists are not ready yet definitely to pronounce it a cure for this tragic disease, but in the early stages it seems almost to have demonstrated itself as such. At the leper colony of St. Croix, Virgin Islands, for instance, five victims out of seventy-five have been allowed to return home on parole, all symptoms of leprosy having apparently disappeared as a result of the use of chaulmoogra oil. Whether these persons are permanently cured, it is too early to say, but at least the disease has been temporarily arrested. Hitherto chaulmoogra oil, obtained from India, has been expensive and hard to procure, but the United States Department of Agriculture has recently discovered a shrub in West Africa which yields the medicine and, owing to the fact that it matures quicker than the Indian plant, promises a sufficient supply for all sufferers in a short time.

SCIENTISTS who mourned their failure to observe the recent eclipse of the sun may console themselves with the thought that all is not lost. If science cannot insure a clear day, business can at least insure against rain and clouds, and did so. The sequel was the payment of premiums to a considerable amount to various observatories foresighted enough to take out insurance policies. Evidently the day of the absent-minded scientist who cannot take care of himself in even the simplest emergency is passing; for even if the Professor insists on forgetting his umbrella, his wife has only to arrange a little policy covering that accident, with nothing to do for the rest of her life but spend the insurance. Of course there were some observers who did not think of protecting their interests in this way; they spent months in the preparation of instruments, they set up a great silk screen on which the shadow might be recorded, they taught an obliging helper the exact speed at which seconds must be counted in order that he might call them out in a loud voice, and the sun unobligingly veiled his face. These unbusinesslike creatures had only their trouble for their pains; if they had only thought to insure the process, how much more comfortable they would have been at its failure.

A BEAUTIFUL silver fish, swimming along at thirty miles an hour, passed over the tops of New York buildings the other day. The sun made its back glisten like a sword blade; from a distance it appeared a grave, deliberate minnow, turning carefully in order not to spill some precious drop from its nose. Pedestrians craned their necks, roofs were thick with watchers, but apparently the fish did not see them, for it swam serenely on. What, said the curious ones, will the fish do in the future, when it is tired of floating in the air? It will drop bombs upon cities, was the reply, and let loose clouds of poison gas; it will fly as a scout over mountains and over armies; it will even cross the sea. True, its use in time of war is not the only use to which it will be put; true, it may carry mail and passengers in time of peace. But it is well to be prepared. The fish, which men have named the dirigible ZR-1, did not indicate what it thought of these proposals. Yet it is not altogether impossible that, in the act of carrying bombs which its passengers drop upon sleeping humans, even the fish, though rigid and helpless, at the mercy of its masters, will shiver with pity to see a noble machine put to such a tragic use.

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The Day of the Dictator

RUSSIA, Italy, Spain, Oklahoma. Westward the course of dictatorship takes its way. Is there a common thread running through events in these widely separated regions? We think there is in spite of differences in time, conditions, and temperaments. It would be absurd to push a comparison too far, yet in all these instances there has been something in common. To start with, there has been a failure of civil government to do its job. Whether autocratic or democratic in name, it has been unequal to the situation confronting it. It has not been so much its corruption—which in measure men can tolerate—as its appalling inadequacy. It is this which has led great numbers of people to acquiesce in, if not to welcome, a change of almost any sort. The change in every case has been effected by force—by an overriding of constitutional means—and, if it has survived, has done so because, in spite of everything to be said against it, it has seemed to promise at least to be more effective than the government it overthrew.

In Russia a dictatorship of the proletariat, or of a proletarian party, displaced the shell of a pitifully incompetent and selfish autocracy; in Italy a dictatorship of the middle class superseded a bureaucracy enmeshed in red tape, floundering in an effort to side with labor and with capital at the same time; in Spain a dictatorship of the army has seized power after the tragic muddling by politicians of the campaign in Morocco and the failure to meet domestic needs in any satisfactory way; and, finally, in our own State of Oklahoma we see a governor attempting to make himself a dictator because of the failure of civil government to cope with the Ku Klux Klan. Governor Walton says—and known events in Oklahoma and elsewhere make it credible—that the Klan has superseded civil government. His answer is to supersede both Klan and civil government with his own little despotism. There was a better, and constitutional, way of proceeding. He might have sought the removal of delinquent officials through impeachment or criminal prosecution. But that was too slow—too orderly.

Is dictatorship, then, the only way out of the morass into which modern government seems to have wandered? We think not. In the first place the dictatorships have not yet proved the success of that method. They have achieved no ultimate solution, and they have trampled on much in the way of liberty and democratic tradition which must be restored unless they are to prove only a new kind of tyranny. We doubt the efficacy of force to obtain better political institutions, because political institutions are eventually what human virtues and frailties make of them, and the club has never been shown to be a good method of enlightening men's minds or ennobling their hearts. An Oklahoma newspaper says: "Oklahoma is suffering from two distinct menaces. . . . The creed of the Klan is the creed of the mob. The creed of Walton is the creed of a dictator. . . . The people of Oklahoma . . . want neither Klan nor king."

Admirable! But merely to inveigh against dictatorship accomplishes nothing. It is the product of events—an inexorable sequel of our carelessness and self-absorption. There must be hundreds of persons in Oklahoma who want neither Klan nor king, but what have they been doing to prevent either? Unless we can find through democracy a way to efficiency, justice, and liberty, we shall get dictatorship—and we shall deserve it.

Ready to Learn

THE schools of the country have opened once more. Several hundreds of thousands of children from elementary to high-school age are ready to learn and have no place in which to be taught. Many thousands will have to be content with part-time instruction; many other thousands will be taught during so-called double sessions. There will be wrong hours, overcrowded classrooms, conditions scarcely sanitary and therefore pedagogically absurd. The human organism at its frailest, most plastic, most crucial stage will be both psychically and physically mauled and misshapen. This is no overstatement. No one with a practical experience of teaching can think without horror of hot, overcrowded classrooms, teachers with nerves worn thin, unsuitable surroundings, ineffective equipment. We spend over four-fifths of our national income on wars—past and future. But the children of the country cannot go to school properly.

The scandal is worst perhaps in New York City since that is today the richest city in the world. During this year's session 150,000 children here will receive only part-time instruction, 200,000 will be taught in double sessions. The high-school situation is even more appalling. There will be over 100,000 pupils of whom only one-third will receive their instruction under normal conditions of time and place and equipment.

As unfortunate as the lack of room for school pupils is the fact that many of them have to occupy quarters which ought long ago to have been condemned, and would have been if it were not for the lack of other accommodation. Conditions are notoriously bad in some of the schools of lower Manhattan, in districts populated largely by recent immigrants, thus giving the children of these newcomers the dingiest and most unfortunate early impressions of American life.

It is more than useless to speculate concerning the specific causes of these facts which have been presented with authoritativeness and precision by the *World*. For whatever the immediate cause the ultimate one is that we are vastly more interested in other things than in education and that our boasted American pride in those schools which, open to all, shall create for all citizens equality of opportunity, is like so many other national pretensions here and elsewhere, more noisy than sincere. It is perfectly clear that no great corporation selling any material commodity, however base, is managed with the lack of foresight, earnestness, and attention to necessary expansion which characterizes the management of our democratic educational system. Men will see to it that, as the population increases, there will be no lack of breeches and cosmetics and ginger-ale to satisfy all comers. Human souls and future citizens can scramble along somehow.

But the case of New York is only the most conspicuous and flagrant. An inquiry conducted by *Collier's* brings out the fact that these conditions are assuming national proportions. That the larger cities, Chicago and Philadelphia, for instance, should have the greater number of pupils who cannot get proper instruction may at first seem logical. The contrary is the truth. Not only wealth but culture are concentrated in the leading municipalities. If these are slack and careless, what is to be expected of the taxpayers and local authorities of Winchester, Kentucky; Bogalusa, Louisi-

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ana; Laredo, Texas; Mansfield, Ohio; or Hamtramck, Michigan? What at all events the very useful inquiry of *Collier's* has established is that the conditions we have described are countrywide. More than 1,000 cities of over 5,000 inhabitants each have reported so far and all confess to a larger or smaller shortage and deficiency in regard to that minimum of educational opportunity which the democratic state is in honor bound to offer to the children of its citizens.

It is well known, of course, that the conditions in the country schools though different in character are no better and that in progressive and highly industrialized States country-school sessions of six months and even of three months are not unknown. A great deal of printed indignation has also been poured out over the average salary paid to teachers in small towns and villages. And that average is, indeed, farcical. But the difficulty goes deeper. Many of these teachers can earn very little. Their preparation is unbelievably meager. In so comparatively civilized a State as Ohio it is possible for people to teach in high schools who have not even the poor and doubtful guaranty of a collegiate degree of any kind. The real question that arises then is: Do we really care for education? Are we, as a nation, genuinely concerned? It is by a rigid examination of our minds and consciences in this matter that anything will be accomplished rather than by hectic, periodic outcries over one phase or another of our apparent carelessness and parsimony.

Richer—but Happier?

"IN ————, a great number of people read the Bible, and all the people read a newspaper. The fathers read aloud to their children while breakfast is being prepared—a task which occupies the mothers for three-quarters of an hour every morning." What reader can supply the missing word? Strange to say, it is "America." But let us continue the quotation:

> And as the newspapers of the United States are filled with all sorts of narratives—comments on matters political, physical, philosophic; information on agriculture, the arts, travel, navigation; and also extracts from all the best books in America and Europe—they disseminate an enormous amount of information, some of which is helpful to the young people, especially when they arrive at an age when the father resigns his place as reader in favor of the child who can best succeed him.

One scarcely knows which detail of this picture is least characteristic of the American life of today—the breakfast that, without the assistance of prepared foods, needs three-quarters of an hour to make ready; the morning paper that, innocent of baseball reports and crime stories, serves the combined purpose of an encyclopedia and a literary anthology; or the patience of the junior portion of the family, meekly receiving its quotidian dose of edifying knowledge at second-hand from the paternal lips. But this description is of the America not of 1923 but of 1800. In that year Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemours, the French economist and statesman—whose sons, establishing themselves in Delaware, became the founders of the American family—prepared, at the request of Thomas Jefferson, a scheme for national education in the United States. The first English translation of it has recently been issued by the University of Delaware Press, and it is from this publication that the above extracts are taken.

The educational proposals put forward in this book present many curious, not to say quaint, features. Du Pont suggests, for instance, that history should be treated not as a school subject but as a recreation, and that history books should accordingly not be used in the classroom but given as prizes. Textbooks should be printed under the direction of Congress—the selection being made from competitive manuscripts submitted in response to an offer of prizes for the best primers—and their use should be compulsory in all primary schools in the United States, public and private alike. Ethics should be taught in the secondary school by the French master, the approach to the subject being made through "Télémaque." Botany should come at the end, not the beginning, of a medical course, as a recreation and relief.

But the main interest of this book lies in the side-lights it casts upon contemporary national conditions. Take, for example, Du Pont's argument for teaching the mechanical arts to all pupils:

> The people of this country [he says] have not yet found it necessary or wise to arrange for such a subdivision of labor as now develops the manufactures and commerce of greater nations by limiting the resourcefulness of many of its citizens and intrusting the welfare of multitudes of families to the varying accidents of fashion, or to the unjust and uncertain market of exclusive privilege protected by artillery, or to the perfectly unreasonable hope that other nations will not learn how to work for themselves and may be kept ignorant of the secrets of skilled labor. On the contrary they are now at that fortunate time when every man must increase his talents by some knowledge of all crafts; when the race grows enlightened, strong, and vigorous; when families can live in comfort, can enjoy freely and leave for their descendants the dew from the skies and the richness of the earth, which depend on the whims of no one, with no fear of another nation's jealousy, and can increase their possessions by allowing all countries to profit thereby and so give no cause for envy.

With this may be bracketed the startling sentence with which Du Pont introduces his scheme for a school of mines: "I have no desire that the United States should give much thought to gold mines, which are very rare and happily are unknown in that country."

How terribly stagnant and unprogressive it all seems! Can it really be that America was ever so backward a country as Du Pont depicts it—a country with no "pep," no "hustle," no "getting a move on"? Newspapers, forsooth, that serve an educational purpose and that bear reading aloud! Industries that are limited to farm labor and the mechanical crafts, with no steel mills, or cotton mills, or automobile works, or munition factories! And yet one can imagine some lover of his kind looking back with a wistful regret to the simple conditions of a national life long since transformed beyond recognition. Simple conditions—yes, and more humane conditions, too. In his first chapter, the author emphasizes the special educational opportunities available to the United States of his time from the fact that the "paternal affection" of the Americans "protects young children from working in the fields," so that "it is possible to send them to the schoolmaster." But today, out of a total population of 12,502,582 between the ages of ten and fifteen, no less than 1,060,858 are reported as "gainfully occupied." We have discovered that it is unconstitutional to prohibit child labor. Our commercial and industrial prosperity may be a thing to boast of, but are we quite sure that it is worth the price?

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The Coal Strike Is Not Settled

"COAL Strike Settled on Pinchot Plan." This is the headline that appeared in one of New York's great dailies in announcing the agreement between the anthracite operators and miners to resume work on a basis the most important provision of which was an increase of 10 per cent in the wages of the workers. Most of the other newspapers of the country gave the news in a similar way.

Coal strike settled? We wonder. Not that we blame Governor Pinchot; he did the best that he could in the circumstances. In the face of oncoming winter and cessation of work in the mines, his job was to get production started again in the least possible time. It was not for him to suggest an adequate or ultimate solution but merely an opportunist scheme for providing the people with coal through the coming winter. He deserves their thanks for having done this, but it would have been better for them to go through a winter of shortage and suffering unless they envisage Governor Pinchot's "settlement" as merely a temporary respite and, thanking their stars for an extension of time, have the intelligence to demand—and the courage to apply—a plan sufficiently radical to end these recurring crises in an essential industry.

Fortunately there is some evidence of such an attitude. Although the news accounts in the daily press generally heralded the Pinchot agreement as a "settlement," editorial comment has shown a wholesome concern over the tiresome repetition of placating workers temporarily through a slight increase in wages—passed on to the consumer with interest—while leaving untouched the essential question of reorganizing the industry on a basis of efficiency and justice to all concerned. It is interesting also to see that the National Retail Coal Merchants' Association is protesting against the Pinchot agreement, especially the suggestion that the cost of the wage increase be absorbed chiefly by the retail dealers instead of shifted along to the consumer. What does this protest mean? The retailers know, of course, that there is and will be no legal way of compelling them to accept smaller profits. The consumer knows that the retailers have no philanthropic interest in protecting his pocketbook. Thus the answer seems to be that the retailers fear economic conditions that may make it difficult to pass on to the buying public an increased charge which Governor Pinchot estimates will average sixty cents a ton and others think will be nearer a dollar.

At least one possible economic obstacle in the way of higher retail prices for anthracite has had wide mention in the press within recent weeks. It is the substitution of bituminous coal, or possibly oil, by the present users of anthracite. Indeed there has been such widespread insistence that soft coal may be readily substituted for hard as to suggest a deliberate though carefully concealed propaganda in that direction. Even the United States Bureau of Mines has joined in the effort to make the public regard bituminous coal as a ready substitute for anthracite. Such a change would, of course, be easiest for the owners of big offices, hotels, and apartment houses in the large cities, promising a saving to them of thousands of dollars in fuel bills. No wonder they look upon it without dismay and that propaganda is adroitly spread before the public intended to reconcile it to the soft-coal nuisance and danger. Unfortunately for such propaganda *soft coal is not a substitute for hard,* and no outcome of the strike could be more unfortunate than a belief that recurrence of such trouble is not especially to be feared since emancipation from the use of anthracite would furnish a ready escape. There are at least two important reasons why this is not so.

In the first place, the supply of bituminous coal is no better assured than that of anthracite. Conditions in the soft-coal industry are as wasteful and unjust as in the production of anthracite. There is the same bitter struggle between the operators and the United Mine Workers; there have been repeated and similar interruptions of production and shortages in supply in recent years. The only difference is that it just happens that there is no general strike in the soft-coal fields this autumn.

More important even than this reason is the fact that from the standpoint of cleanliness, comfort, and health soft coal is no substitute for hard. One of the real forward steps in civilization taken in this country within recent years is the practical elimination of offensive smoke in some great cities through the use of anthracite. No doubt it is true that with proper apparatus and scientific firing semi-bituminous coal, or mixtures of hard and soft, can be used with no great production of fumes and soot; but it is far more certain that no such outcome could be expected in connection with a general abandonment of anthracite. The ability, or even the effort, to eliminate smoke would lag far behind the introduction of fuel notorious for its evils in that respect. This has been amply proved in New York City, for instance, where even a temporary relaxation of the anti-smoke regulations during last winter's anthracite shortage led to gross offenses in the use of soft coal which, although now illegal, are in fact continuing to some extent right up to the present time. It is notoriously easier to let down the bars than to put them up again.

No, the reorganization of the coal industry must be faced as a whole—both anthracite and bituminous. The present Coal Commission has made some interesting and possibly useful studies in regard to conditions, but little more than could be made—or have been—by newspapers, magazines, or economic organizations. What Congress and the public want is *a plan*—an adequate scheme for reducing waste, eliminating excessive profits, and introducing fair working conditions into an industry where tyranny, profiteering, and anarchy now prevail, with their inevitable danger and financial burden for the public.

One of the big questions to be considered in connection with the reorganization of the coal industry is the development of super-power systems—means, that is, whereby fuel can be converted into electricity at the mines and transmitted over great areas, thus saving, for certain purposes, transportation charges and the evils of conbustion in our cities.

The Nation has already made plain its belief that no scheme of reorganization is likely to be adequate which does not in some form embody nationalization of the mines, but we are not committed to any preconceived plan. We do insist that the country needs a coal commission which will give it not essays but definite and sufficient directions for getting out of the woods.

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"Selling" Us Another War

By FREDERICK J. LIBBY

IT must have become apparent even to the most hasty reader of newspapers that there has been an extraordinary amount of material in the press during the past few months with regard to the Army and Navy. What are its sources? We have before us documents which tell the story better than any comment. First, for the sources of the official Army propaganda. A general order, issued over a year ago, reads as follows:

The Secretary of War authorizes and desires public and private discussion on appropriate occasions by officers of the Army in support of the military policy of the United States as established by law and of the policies of the War Department in furtherance thereof designed to secure the national defense. . . .

The national defense is the ultimate mission of the Army, and a proper presentation to the public of the necessities in this regard, since it is essential to the accomplishment of this mission, becomes naturally and logically one of the important duties of the officers of the Army.

As the policies involved have been worked out with much care after a very full consideration of all the factors entering into the problem, it is desired, in order to avoid confusion, that they should be discussed from the standpoint of the War Department unless special authority for a different presentation is obtained from the Adjutant General of the Army.

By order of the Secretary of War:

JOHN J. PERSHING,
General of the Armies, Chief of Staff

General Orders No. 20, War Department, May 15, 1922

The announcement, printed in the *Army and Navy Register*, on September 2, 1922, of the fall convention of the Military Order of the World War, contained these words:

. . . It will seek new methods by which to assist in securing adequate appropriations for the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, National Guard, and Reserve Corps, so that the National Defense Act may not be openly, insidiously, or indirectly repealed by diminutive Americans who use the term "economy" as a smoke screen.

THE RESERVE OFFICERS ORGANIZE

At about the same time, at a convention held in Washington, D. C., and reported in the *Army and Navy Journal*, a Reserve Officers' Association was organized for the same purpose, and adopted resolutions from which the following passages are taken:

. . . Be it resolved, that this convention of reserve officers of the United States express in public to the Congress of the United States, and likewise to the people of the United States, that the time has arrived when all citizens in public and private life must definitely stand by this act and insure its execution through proper appropriations, or be considered as one of those who do not stand for adequate national defense of the United States of America. . . .

Be it further resolved, that this Association, through its national and local officers and through its individual members, constantly bring before Congress as a whole and individual Congressmen and the press of all parts of the United States that the necessity for adequate national defense does exist; that the Amended National Defense Act is democratic, is in accordance with the genius of the American people, is non-militaristic, is economical; that supporting it is a non-partisan action, and that the public man who fails to support it is failing in his duty as a citizen of the United States to provide the means necessary to insure the enforcement of the principles on which this government is founded and for which it stands in the eyes of the world.

Subsequent reports in the same journal chronicle the formation of local branches of this officers' association in New Jersey, Ohio, Michigan, and Kentucky. Presently the Military Training Camps Association turned its attention to recruiting, and on December 23, 1922, the *Army and Navy Journal* printed a letter signed by the Secretary of War commending this action:

DEAR SIR:

I am pleased to inform you that I accept in principle the patriotic offer of the Military Training Camps Association submitted to me by you on October 10, 1922, and I hereby extend to the Military Training Camps Association formal recognition as a cooperating agency in fostering the voluntary military training of citizens. . . .

The Military Training Camps Association is further authorized to create a system of county and local chairmen—thus completing in detail a nation-wide organization for C. M. T. C. recruiting in the time of peace and for such wider function as might be requested by the War Department. . . .

The corps area commander is further authorized, in his discretion, to furnish office space, clerical assistance, stationery, printing, and advertising matter to assist the Military Training Camps Association with their part of the work.

THE NATIONAL GUARD'S PUBLICITY

From a report on the National Guard submitted to the War Department by a General Staff officer after visiting various camps of instruction we take the following section as summarized in the *Army and Navy Journal*, January 6, 1923.

. . . (b) To mold public opinion favorably toward the continued support of the Army of the United States, the great cry was a *publicity bureau* and "*publicity*," and more parades of organizations displaying their coats of arms, crests, insignia, and distinctive uniforms (for dress) with the meaning of same and the history of the organization played up in newspaper articles describing the parade or event; also, to periodically hold maneuvers or camps in accessible localities to which the general public can be invited.

The possible uses of the National Guard and the other military organizations of civilians are suggested in an editorial printed in the *Army and Navy Journal* on January 6, 1923:

. . . The reorganization of the National Guard on a scale hitherto unknown, the organization of the cadre of reserve divisions, the revival of the Plattsburg idea and the placing of it upon a permanent and national basis, and the success of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps have created a force at present of nearly 400,000 civilians directly interested in the Army of the United States. When the families and others influenced by the views of these 400,000 are taken into consideration, it is easily seen that millions of American men and women, scattered throughout every portion of the United States, have an interest in adequate national defense.

THE NATURE OF THE PROPAGANDA

The results of this effort to organize support for military appropriations appear in the following examples drawn from different periods and a well-nigh limitless store.

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Admiral Coontz and the Manufacturers

In recognition of the attitude of the National Association of Manufacturers in favoring a larger navy, Admiral R. E. Coontz, Chief of Naval Operations, yesterday entertained John E. Edgerton, president of the association, and the organization's directors at a luncheon on board the battleship Wyoming. In the evening, the second night of the association's convention in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Admiral Coontz addressed the 500 delegates, urging an adequate navy as a good business investment.

After saying that at the end of each war the American people had been inclined to "wreck" the Navy, the Admiral said: ". . . Our foreign policies are as strong as our fleet and no stronger."—*New York World,* May 10, 1922.

A "Military Committee" at Work

WESTERN SOCIETY OF ENGINEERS
MONADNOCK BLOCK
CHICAGO, ILL.

May 26, 1922

TO ALL MEMBERS:

. . . Read this pamphlet carefully and, if you are between the ages of 17 and 27 years, ask yourself this question: "Can I personally partake of this training which is offered me . . .?"

Only by local support can these camps be made fully successful, and it is a duty of every citizen to lend his active aid by producing at least one eligible young man to attend this year's camp. It is felt that the society as a whole should actively support this patriotic movement. Let each of us produce at least one applicant of good physique and character.

D. D. GUILFOIL, Chairman
MURRAY BLANCHARD
R. I. RANDOLPH
E. F. BRACKEN
H. S. BAKER
J. N. SCHUFREIDER

An Appeal to National Fear

(Special to the New York *Times*)

WASHINGTON, July 14.—While the American Army, under instructions from Secretary Weeks, is holding itself in readiness for any call in connection with guarding nearly 254,000 miles of railway, the War Department is going ahead with the execution of plans for a reduction of the regular army to 125,000 men, as ordered by Congress. . . .

The War Department has less than 25,000 infantrymen in the United States with which to cope with any emergency. This fact is all the more significant because the brunt of any strike duty would fall mainly upon that branch of the service.

"The Credit of the Firm"

. . . We anticipate some trying days ahead of the firm. Various wild-cat schemes of socialism and bolshevism are seeking to encroach upon our territory and to impair the standing of our organization through the country. An effort is being made to disparage our output and deny our claims for further extension of credit by a much-advertised substitute called "disarmament," presented as a panacea for every national ailment from callouses to consumption. This is in the interest of firms who are rivals of ours across distant seas and especially in the Oriental trade.—*General Harbord to the Reserve Officers' Convention.*

Gum vs. Guns

A comprehensive and enlightening discussion of the peace activities of the Army was made in a speech delivered by Secretary of War Weeks before the Boston Chamber of Commerce at its annual dinner on November 14. . . . The Secretary brought out the rather startling fact that the nation spends more on chewing gum than it does on national defense.—*Army and Navy Journal,* November 18, 1922.

Dangerous Tendencies in Women's Clubs

BOSTON, December 14 (By Associated Press).—Addressing the Women's Republican Club of Massachusetts today, General John J. Pershing said that "dangerous elements are moving toward a revolution in America," both openly and secretly, and that because national problems have not been thoroughly discussed, "there have crept into so many women's clubs these undermining and disruptive tendencies toward radicalism of all sorts." Pacifism, "the disease which strikes but at constitutional government," he added, "was one of these tendencies."—*Washington Post,* December 15, 1922.

General Pershing Here and There

General John J. Pershing, U. S. A., made an address at Minneapolis, Minn., November 27, on the subject of national defense. He spoke on the relation of military training to preparation for citizenship and of military training in its relation to war.—*Army and Navy Journal,* December 2, 1922.

General John J. Pershing, U. S. A., who is making a brief tour under the auspices of the American Defense Society, made two forceful speeches this week, during which he made a strong plea for adequate military preparedness. His first speech was made at St. Louis, Mo., on December 4, at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon attended by business men and members of civic and women's organizations who demonstrated great enthusiasm for his views. His second speech was made at Chicago, December 6, at which place Brigadier General Charles G. Dawes also spoke.—*Army and Navy Journal,* December 9, 1922.

. . . The General's addresses have been followed with the greatest of interest throughout the service. He was apparently determined that his voice in behalf of reasonable national defense should reach every section of the country. The response which has come through the press is proof that he reached the entire American public with telling effect.—*Army and Navy Journal,* December 30, 1922.

General Ely Stimulates the Legion

Scouting the idea that there would be no more war, and declaring that in the future some of our Allies in the recent World War might be arrayed against us, Major General Hanson E. Ely, president of the National War College, strongly advocated strong defensive measures in an address at this morning's session of the convention of the Maryland Department of the American Legion. . . . General Ely said that the United States was the richest of all the nations of the world and implied that all other nations were ready to try for some of our wealth. The only preventive for this is adequate defense, the speaker implied. The taxes required to provide adequate national defense would be nothing to what we would have to pay in the event we were defeated in war, General Ely asserted. The World War, he said, created 2,500 millionaires. . . . He added that a pure undiluted doctrine of Americanism should be given students in schools and colleges, and stated that the Legion should seek the removal of persons with communistic ideas who are employed as teachers in various educational institutions in the country. General Ely freely expressed himself against radicalism and said a show of armed force is needed and that real measures should be taken to prevent the growth of the seeds of communism and radicalism. He urged the organization to exert efforts to prevent I. W. W. and communistic speeches, and followed this by stating that preventive measures are always best.—*Frederick* (Md.) *News,* August 24, 1923.

NAVY DAY A "SELLING CAMPAIGN"

Navy Day, last October, was described by the Washington *Evening Star* as "one of the biggest selling campaigns that has ever been attempted in the United States." It was generally proclaimed and celebrated, but Governor Baxter of Maine refused to give it his official indorsement; and instead issued a statement in which he said:

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. . . Many of the sponsors of Navy Day are inspired by patriotism, while a few others may be actuated by less worthy motives. What will the world think of the United States if, in the face of our binding promises, preparations for naval expansion are made? If every nation holds a Navy Day the great principles of the Disarmament Conference of 1921 will soon be forgotten. Nothing should be done to undermine the great achievements of that gathering. . . .

I believe that a Navy Day at the present time is uncalled for and inadvisable. All good citizens are loyal to our Navy and it will never lack proper support, but the present is no time for naval expansion, and our country should and will live up to both the letter and the spirit of its Reduction of Armaments agreement. For these reasons I shall refrain from indorsing Navy Day.

The editor of the Boston *Transcript* vented his patriotic wrath on the Governor of Maine in these terms:

. . . As for Governor Baxter, the noble traditions of the good old State of Maine and the splendid service of her sons with the Colors in the Great War are sufficient assurance to all who know the stuff of which the men and women of Maine are made that Mr. Baxter's sham and hypocrisy, his distortion of the truth, and the cunning with which he has employed his office to curry favor with the National Council for the Reduction of Armaments and to honey-fugle the small minority of pacifists in his own and nearby States will, in due time, receive the rebuke and the repudiation of the plain people whose service and sacrifice in peace and war have earned them the right to speak for the State of Maine. We have no doubt that this rebuke and this repudiation will soon be forthcoming from the Maine Department of the American Legion, and that it will be reinforced by the patriotic sentiment of the people of Maine without regard to race, religion, party, or walk in life. . . . Give the Legionnaires of Maine time to be heard from and the shame and disgrace of Governor Baxter's pusillanimous performance will prove to the country that, although he is for the moment the chief executive of Maine, he has abused that office to become the State's chief traducer. . . .

Miscellaneous Propaganda

We have not room in this article for the adequate discussion of magazine articles such as have appeared in *Current History* in the December and January numbers. Regarding one of these articles Congressman Anthony stated in the House of Representatives on January 16 that it misrepresented Congress as reducing the number of commissioned officers by 1,400 when the total reduction due to legislation was approximately 500 and said that the article "was written by an officer by the name of Myer [Mayer] who was one of those discharged under the provisions of the act of Congress."

Magazines containing articles issuing from the War Department have been sent to editors accompanied by personal letters. *The National Republican* in December carried a series of three articles by Secretary Weeks. *The Nation's Business* for January contained a very significant article on How Industry Is Being Trained for War by the same voluminous author. The War Department held a conference with educators on November 16-18 in the hope of "popularizing" universal military training under the terms of the National Defense Act of 1920. It was recommended that "regular press agents" be employed "for the purpose of keeping before the public the news items having to do with the amended National Defense Act and above all, any steps taken or contemplated which will attract the attention of the young men eligible for service under this Act." And in June, 1923, Secretary Weeks called a conference of ministers with the results described in the following account in the New York *Times* of June 9:

The quickest way to invite war would be for America to pursue peace unarmed and undefended, according to pronouncements and findings today submitted to and approved by Secretary Weeks on behalf of the conference of religious and welfare workers called by the Secretary to consider the religious and moral training of soldiers. The findings were adopted unanimously. . . . "We deprecate any attempt made under the cloak of religion and in the name of false pacifism to deny the support of the churches to the well-being of our Army and Navy," one pronouncement said.

Two vastly important mediums of militarist propaganda are indicated in the following quotations from the *Army and Navy Journal*:

. . . Another means of carrying the message of the day into the homes was the radio broadcasting station. Speakers of national reputation sent their eulogies of the Navy to the farmers of the great central section as well as to those along the coast more familiar with the subject, possibly. None of the Navy stations were used, the offer of the commercial radio organizations having been so generous as to meet the demand.

The motion picture news weeklies did their share in making the Navy better known.

The Navy is getting some very good advertising from a motion picture film called "Rolling Down to Rio," which shows the trip of the Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes, to Rio for the opening of the Brazilian Centennial Exposition. The picture was produced at the instigation of the recruiting division of the Bureau of Navigation under the supervision of the Recruiting Bureau, New York City. . . .

The articles on military matters which flood the press are the result of a well-organized and far-reaching military propaganda, for part of which we are paying out of our Federal budget. The War and Navy Departments have definitely adopted the policy of "educating" the nation, beginning with the children, to the carrying out in full of the National Defense Act of 1920. This act provides for the militarization of the entire resources of the nation. We are getting ready, not for peace, but for war.

Contributors to This Issue

Samuel M. Waxman is professor of Romance languages at Boston University.

Constant Southworth, a member of the staff of the Institute of Economics, has recently assisted in the preparation of a book, "Germany's Capacity to Pay."

Thomas Mann is one of the greatest living German writers of novels and short stories.

Frederick J. Libby is executive secretary of the National Council for the Prevention of War.

Paul Blanshard has just completed a study of the European labor situation.

The Nation *has sent out an important letter to all of its readers whose addresses are on record in this office. But many thousands of readers are not on our subscription lists and it is necessary that we secure their addresses. If you have not received our letter, will you kindly send us your name and address on a post card? You will be much interested in what this letter offers to our readers.*

The Nation, *20 Vesey Street, New York City*

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Hungry Souls

By THOMAS MANN

A MOMENT came in which the sense of his superfluousness penetrated Detlev's very soul. He let the festive crowd carry him away as though by accident, and thus without farewell he drifted from those other two.

A human current carried him past the long wall of the gorgeous auditorium. He offered no resistance until he knew himself to be far from Lily and the little painter. Then he stood still near the stage, leaning against the gilded vaulting of a proscenium box between a bearded baroque caryatid and its female counterpart whose swelling bosom protruded into the hall. As best he could he assumed the attitude of a calm observer. Now and then he raised his opera-glasses to his eyes. But his wandering glance always avoided one spot in that radiant circle of vision.

The feast was at its height. At well-appointed tables in the boxes people were eating and drinking; against the balustrades stood men in black or gaily hued evening clothes, huge chrysanthemums in their buttonholes, and leaned down toward the powdered shoulders of women in fantastic garb. Chatting they watched the gay throng which here gathered into groups, flowed more evenly yonder, seemed at moments to whirl and dance and then disperse with a swift flash of color.

The orchestra fell silent. The couples stopped on the dance-floor and laughed as they looked at the stage whence came the groaning and blaring of a musical "stunt." Four or five persons, dressed in peasant costume, with clarinettes and nasal string-instruments were playing a parody of the Tristan score. For a moment Detlev closed his burning lids. Even through this voluntary distortion of the tones he heard their pain-touched yearning for union. And suddenly, almost throttling him, there arose in him again the woe of the eternal solitary who, in envy and love, has lost his heart to a bright and common child of the world. . . .

Lily . . . in his soul the name was all beseeching and tenderness. He could no longer keep his eyes from that one point. Yes, she was still there. She was still in the same spot where he had left her. Now and then when the crowd drifted apart he could see her whole figure. There she stood, leaning against the wall, her hands behind her, in her milk-white frock trimmed with silver. She held her head a little to one side and chatted with the little painter and looked straight into his eyes, looked archly into those eyes that were as blue, as frank, as untroubled as her own.

What were they talking about? What could they be talking about all this time? Ah, this talk that flowed so easily and freely from the inexhaustible sources of harmless spiritual triviality and happy ignorance and natural cheer. He could not learn the art of it, he who had been made somber and difficult by a life dedicated to vision and knowledge, crippled by insight and creative agony! He had gone. In an access of defiance, despair, and magnanimity he had stolen away and left those two children of the world alone together. He had left them—only to see, from afar, while this jealousy tore at his throat, the smile of relief that they exchanged instinctively at being freed of the burden of his presence. . . .

Why had he come? Why again tonight? What drove him to seek this torture—to mingle with the crowd of the simple of mind and heart which surged about him and excited him and yet in reality never accepted. How well he knew that desire to be accepted! Once in an hour of great clarity of vision he had written: "We lonely ones, dreamers detached and disinherited passing our days in an artificial and icy negation . . . we whose cold breath spreads about us an unconquerable estrangement the moment we show our visionary and desperate faces among the living . . . we, poor ghosts of the world, whom men meet with a shy respect and leave as soon as possible lest our hollow and disillusioning glance disturb their simple joys . . . we all nourish within us a surreptitious but consuming yearning after the unsophisticated, the simple, the alive, after a little friendship, devotion, familiarity, uncomplicated happiness. That life from which we are excluded, that life we want, is not a vision of wild and tragic splendor; it is not the rare that we rare spirits want; the normal, decent, amiable—that is the goal of our dreams. Just that—life in all its endearing banality. . . ."

He glanced at those two. . . . Good-natured laughter interrupted the playing of the clarinettes which were distorting that deep and sweet and somber melody into a piercingly sentimental tune. He looked upon those two. He said to himself: You are that warm, delightful, foolish life of man which is in eternal contradiction to the life of the mind, of the spirit. Don't think that I despise you. Take no heed of my defensive gesture of contempt. I and my kind, accursed with knowledge, unblessed and speechless, we stand far from you and in our eyes burns a greed and a yearning to be like you. Does our pride stir within us? We are lonely none the less. Do we say to ourselves that the works of the spirit and of the creative vision unite us in a higher love with men of all places, all times? But with whom? With what men? Ever and ever only with our brothers in suffering and yearning and poverty! Never with you, O blue-eyed ones who get along so well without the life of the mind!

And now they danced again. The performance on the stage had come to an end. The orchestra sang out resonantly. On the smooth floor the couples turned and swayed. And Lily was dancing with the little painter. How daintily her lovely head rose from the calix of her silvery collar! In a serene and elastic alternation of stride and turn they glided about within a narrow space; his face was close to hers; smiling, yielding themselves not unrestrainedly to the sweet triviality of the rhythm, they continued their chat.

Suddenly something akin to the movement of molding and fashioning hands stirred within Detlev. And yet you are mine, he reflected, and I include you. Do I not see through your simple souls and smile? Do I not mark and preserve with an ironic love every naive impulse of your very bodies? At the sight of your merely instinctive existence there arise in me the powers of the living word, of the ironic vision, and my heart throbs with the triumphant desire to recreate you and, by the light of my art, deliver your foolish happiness to the cognition and pity of mankind!

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True. But all that had arisen in him with so much proud defiance collapsed again into the old weariness and yearning. Ah, to be, but for one night, like these—not artist but man. To escape for once that curse which is an unalterable commandment: Thou must not be but behold, not live but create, not love but know. To live and love and accept but once in a mood of humbleness and simple-heartedness!

He quivered; he turned away. It seemed to him that in all these comely, flushed faces there appeared, at any awareness of him, an expression of both curiosity and revulsion. The desire to escape his silent conflict, to seek darkness and stillness, became irresistible. Yes, he would go. He would go without farewell even as he had left Lily's side, and at home lay his fevered and unblessed head upon a cool pillow. He walked toward the door.

Would she observe his going? How well he knew this process—this silent, proud, despairing withdrawal from some hall, some garden, some spot where people were merry, with the unadmitted hope that he could give the bright being for whom he was longing one shadowed moment, one of reflection, compunction, pity. He stood still and looked in her direction. His soul was all entreaty. Should he not stay, persist, be with her even though from afar in the hope of some unforeseen miracle? In vain. There was no possibility of communication, understanding, hope. Go, he said to himself, go into the darkness, lean your head upon your hands and weep, if there are tears in your world of icy desolation. . . . He left the hall.

A burning pain pierced him and also a senseless, irrational expectancy. Surely she must have seen him and have understood; she must, must come and follow him and stop him, if only out of pity, and say: "Stay, be happy, I love you." And he walked very slowly although he knew with an overwhelming and ironic certainty that she would not come, his little, dancing, chattering Lily.

It was two o'clock in the morning. The corridors were desolate. Behind the long tables of the coat-rooms the attendants were half asleep. No one but himself thought of leaving. He wrapped himself in his opera-coat, took his hat and stick, and left the building.

In the square, in the whitish gleam of the wintery fog, the cabs stood in long rows. The cabmen stood about in groups stamping on the snow to keep warm. Detlev motioned to one of them, and while the man got ready to draw up he stood near the door of the brilliantly lit vestibule and let the sharp and tonic air play upon his hot temples.

The flat after-taste of the champagne made him want to smoke. Mechanically he took out a cigarette, struck a match and lit it. And in this moment, just as the little flame of the match died, something happened to him that he did not understand at once. It left him confused and horrified and weak. It was unforgettable, never to be gotten over. . . .

For as his eyes recovered from the glare of that tiny flame there arose out of the darkness a half-savage, hollow-cheeked, red-bearded countenance whose inflamed and dark-circled eyes stared into his with an expression of wild scorn and strange, famished curiosity. Two or three paces away from him stood the man with the pain-scarred face. His fists were clenched in his trousers' pockets, the collar of his ragged coat was turned up; he was leaning against one of the wrought-iron posts that flanked the entrance of the theater. His glance glided over Detlev—took in the costly coat, the opera-glasses, the evening shoes, then rose again with that expression of half-lecherous and greedy wonder. Once the man raised his head with a brief, contemptuous gesture. Then the cold shook his body; his emaciated cheeks seemed to show deeper hollows; with a quiver he closed his lids, and the corners of his mouth drooped in a blending of spitefulness and sheer misery.

Detlev stood quite still. He struggled after comprehension. Suddenly he saw as in objective vision the air of wealth and comfort and well-being with which he, a partaker of the feast within, had left the vestibule, nodded to the cabby, taken a cigarette from his silver case. Involuntarily he raised his hand as though to strike it against his forehead. He took one step toward that man, breathed deep as though to speak, to explain. . . . And then, instead, he stepped silently into the cab and almost forgot to give his address to the driver. For he was utterly desperate, utterly beside himself at the hopelessness of making this darkness clear. . . .

What huge and fatal error and misunderstanding there was here. This man, famished, disinherited, had regarded him with greed and bitterness, with that enforced contempt that is bred of envy and of yearning! He had, in a sense, made a display of himself—this hungry man. Had not his shivering, his spiteful and sorrowful grimace had their origin in the wish to give pause to one who was so boldly happy and at ease, to create in that other one shadowed moment, one of reflection, compunction, pity? Detlev wanted to cry out: "You err, my poor friend. You missed your effect. To me the image of your wretchedness was no terrifying monition from a strange and fearful world. It did not put me to shame. For we are brothers!

"Is the pain there, comrade, high in the breast? Does it sting and burn? How well I know it. And why did you emerge? Why, instead of remaining proudly defiant in your darkness, do you seek out the glowing windows behind which are the music and the laughter of life? Ah, do I not know the morbid urge that drives you on to nourish thus this wretchedness of yours which can be called love as easily as hatred?

"Nothing of all that is lamentable in you is alien to me. And yet you thought to put me to shame! What is this life of the intellect? A game of hatred. What is art? Creative yearning! The home of both of us is in the same land of the cheated, the hungry ones, the accusers and deniers. And common to us both are also the treacherous hours of self-contempt in which we lose ourselves in our humiliating love of life and of the happiness that is folly. But you did not recognize your fellow-outcast."

Error, error! But even while his great compassion filled him quite, there gleamed deep within him a prescience at once sorrowful and sweet. Did that man only err? Is there any end of erring? Is not all our earthly yearning error and confusion—not least of all his own which fixed its desire upon life that is simple and instinctive and dumb, unilluminated by mind and art, unredeemed by living speech? Ah, we are brothers, we creatures of the peaceless and suffering Will; only we do not recognize each other. We stand in need of a different love . . . a different love. . . .

And while he sat at home among his books and pictures, beneath the sightless eyes of marble busts, he was moved by the mild words once spoken: Little children, love one another. . . .

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Honeymoon

(*The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE new President is coming from Vermont. He arrives in the Union Station. It is night. The new President is tired. Naturally pale, he now looks pallid. He also looks meager. He also looks scared. The Union Station looks terribly big and high. The lights in the ceiling of the concourse look terribly remote and lofty. Through a great cavern of Olympian illumination the new President trips along like a little ambling automatic toy, with fixed face and fixed untelling eyes, to where he is greeted by Mr. Secretary Hughes, robust, magnificent, more Olympian than the station. . . . Some Assistant Secretaries of This Department and of That Department appear on the edges of the station and wonder if it was, or was not, their duty to have greeted the new President in the absence of their Chiefs. They wonder and depart, while the new President stands receiving the greetings of Mr. Secretary Hughes and of Postmaster General New, representing all of Washington and all of the Republic. He is welcomed by two men. There is one of them for the right side of him and one of them for the left side of him as they put him into a motor-car to be driven to a hotel. So a new American ruler enters his capital. . . . Statesmen from every province of the Republic begin to arrive in the Union Station. They proceed to the hotel in which the new President is quartered. They are admitted to his apartment. They emerge. "He sat silent and listened." "He chattered like a magpie." "He is for getting into Europe." "He is against getting into Europe." "The Republic is safe." "Calvin Coolidge will prevent the Republic from falling." "He is a strong man." "He is greatly admired by the people of my State." "Harding left a great many Democrats in office." "Coolidge is a good party man." "I can tell from his face that he is going to be strong." "The country will be driven with a firm rein." "He did not say where he was going to drive it but, my dear boy, he is a good driver and I am riding with him." "We congratulate the country that the Republican Party once more has given it a great man in the presidential chair." . . . A broad desk. The new President behind it. In front of it a throng of newspaper correspondents. On the table their written questions for the new President to answer. The new President looks up from the table and gazes at his questioners—and through them at the whole public—calmly, steadily, firmly. He is not scared. He is even amused. He smiles, with the corners of his lips pulled down quizzically, and he says in a drawl: "I see a great many of you here. I do not flatter myself. Presently, as I become an old story, there will be fewer of you." This sally charms his questioners. They like a realistic person. They hopefully await his answers to their questions as he lifts those questions, one by one, from the table. He begins answering. It is a test moment. The new President wins it. To each question he gives an answer prompt, precise, apt, curt. He attacks the point, he covers it, he quits, and takes up the next question and the next point. He finishes. The correspondents clap their hands. He receives their appreciation with a smile—a little wry shy smile. Perhaps he was never really scared. Perhaps he was only—all the while—then and now and always—shy, a bit, along the deceptive New England surface of him. A shy surface, a totally calm and confident interior: such is often the temper bred in the clearings of Vermont. . . . The correspondents hasten to tell their readers that a strong man is in the White House. . . . Gentlemen in club corners are glad to hear that there is a strong man in the White House. They remember having been told that Mr. Coolidge once ate some strikers in Boston. What is a strong man? It is a man who eats strikers. Gentlemen in club corners thereupon readily believe that the correspondents are right in saying that the new President is a strong man. Mr. Coolidge, they conclude, has not changed. The United Mine Workers will now learn what's what in this country. . . . The honeymoon shines down upon the White House and envelops it with a silver screen on which the new President is seen moving forward on a high horse with a sword extended before him and with the edge of the sword gleaming invincibly with moonshine. . . . The correspondents assemble again before him and ask him what he is planning to do about the United Mine Workers. He tells them. He is going to see to it—he has already seen to it—that if there is a strike in the anthracite region there shall be, and will be, a sufficient supply of substitute fuels to keep the country from freezing. He tells them this fact, and takes up the next question. . . . The correspondents appear before him again and await again the customary presidential sermon against strikers. They got it in writing from President Wilson. They got it by word of mouth from President Harding. Shall not the strikers be seen as menacing the nation? Shall not the Republic be seen as tottering? Shall not all good men be summoned to hold the strikers down and to hold the Republic up? Apparently not. The new President, in response to inquiries, says through a spokesman that if there is a strike in the anthracite region there shall be, and will be, a sufficient supply of substitute fuels to keep the country from freezing. . . . No presidential sermon ever did actually prevent miners from striking or ever did actually make miners go back to work. Nor did any injunction ever do it. This President fails to try to do what cannot be done. . . . Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania telephones to the White House and asks about trying to reconcile the miners and the operators. The new President, in response to this overture, asks Mr. Pinchot to come to Washington. Mr. Pinchot comes, he talks with the new President, and he goes back to Pennsylvania to try to be—on his own responsibility—a reconciler. . . . The honeymoon still hanging in the sky, the White House reporters report that Mr. Pinchot is "cooperating" with the strong man in the White House. . . . Mr. Pinchot raises the miner 10 per cent. . . . Gentlemen in club corners sit up. Wages higher under a strong man? Can it be? . . . The honeymoon dips toward earth and shows a presidential magic sword dulled by dark cold common sense. A President who, when it is impossible to eat strikers, does not pretend to be engaged in eating them? A President who does not thrill and fool the club-corners of the country by stamping his foot to intimidate the strikers without intimidating them? The honeymoon sinks behind a lounge. . . . The new President continues to say only what he can do. He evidences no leadership at all toward things he cannot do. The things he can do are few. The things he cannot do are many. It was so with former Presidents. With this President it is tacitly and presidentially admitted to be so. A cold dawn breaks.

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When the Franc Joins the Mark

By CONSTANT SOUTHWORTH

The paper mark was worth 105,000,000 to the dollar on September 15. When the new gold currency becomes a reality it will not be worth anything.

THE mark is lost. God save the franc!

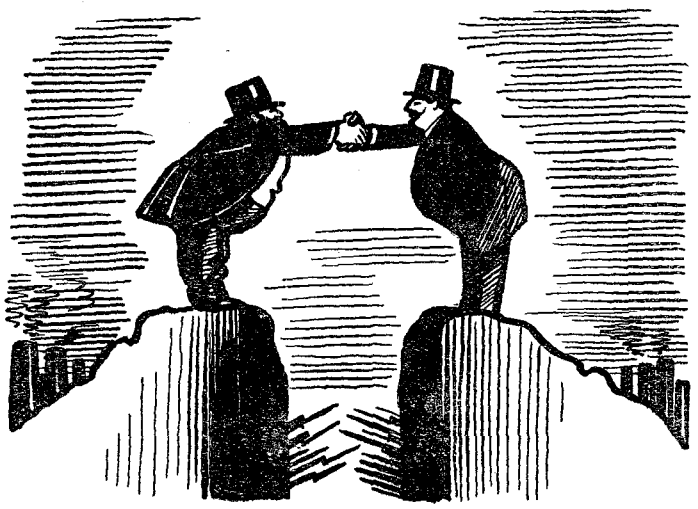
The German mark keeps on its headlong journey downhill. Its collapse is the external manifestation of the economic and social collapse of one of the world's greatest nations. It betokens misery — physical and mental wretchedness — on a scale seen only at rare intervals in the world's history.

The French franc, on the other hand, has been comparatively stable for some months at slightly less than one-third of its nominal value. French industry seems prosperous. In May, for the first time in many years, exports exceeded imports. French government credit, though not as strong as it has sometimes been, is sound—French bonds rank well on the world's exchanges. France apparently is one of the oases in the European desert of economic desolation and prostration. Have not the French then good reason to congratulate themselves?

No, they have not. It is hard to see how the franc inside of four or five years, probably less, can help following the mark, and with it drawing France into a slough of despond similar to but not quite so deep as that in which Germany is now wallowing. Why?

The reason is that no nation which consistently fails by substantial margins to balance its budget can ultimately avoid increasing its circulation of paper currency—and when the printing presses have once got well going, there is no stopping them. France has made a good start toward a financial debacle. Since the beginning of the war her budgets have been in a sorry plight. With characteristic naivete, the French Government since the war has been setting aside a large proportion of its expenditures into a so-called "recoverable" budget of which not a sou is covered by tax receipts. It is covered by borrowings from the elastic savings of the French people. The idea, when this system was established, was that Germany would before long make reparation payments large enough to let the French Government pay off all the money it should borrow on "recoverable" account. Then everybody would be happy.

Unfortunately for the poor French *rentier* (holder of French government bonds), it has been demonstrated that Germany for some years, at any rate, cannot possibly muster the surplus of exports which alone would enable her to acquire the bills of exchange necessary for reparation payments. At the present time Germany cannot export enough to pay for sufficient food and raw materials to keep her economic machine from disintegrating. Moreover, France's venture in the Ruhr has shown that forcible attempts to collect from Germany only add to the French budget deficit. France may succeed in forcing Germany into the condition of a vassal state or in dividing her into a score of quarreling districts—that is, she may put Germany out of the economic race—but the process can only add to the difficulties of the French budget situation.



Drawing by Art Young

Hands Across the Ruhr

"Discussions between French and German industrialists continue."—Press Dispatch.

Due to the loans necessitated by the repeated budget deficits, the French public debt increased from 33.6 billion francs at the end of 1913 to the colossal sum of 280 billion francs at the end of 1922. The latter sum includes only the domestic debt and that portion of the foreign debt which was borrowed from private lenders abroad—in other words, that part of the French debt the paying of interest on which is of immediate concern to French government credit. The debt to foreign governments, amounting to approximately 100 billion francs at present exchange, upon which no interest or sinking-fund charges are being paid, may be ignored for our purposes here. The interest and other charges for 1922 on the 280 billions, according to the budget estimates, were 10.7 billions, while the total revenue except through borrowing for the same year was estimated at 23 billions. The debt service was thus practically half of the total real revenue. The most recent estimates for 1923, made in the course of the Senate debate on the budget bill, place the debt service at about 60 per cent of the revenue.

Unless a miracle happens to the French national psychology, the deficits will continue. France will continue to squander money on the Ruhr and similar projects. Her economists will continue to deplore wasteful public-works programs. She will make loans for military purposes to Eastern European countries. She will lavish money on armament to hold her place in the Near East and elsewhere on the earth—as well as above the earth, with her aircraft. The reconstruction work will undoubtedly be continued, for it is little more than half completed and its suspension would throw large numbers out of work.

On the side of receipts, France will talk bravely but do little about increasing revenue from taxation. The French legislature recently rejected a scheme to prevent wholesale evasion of the income tax. It also rejected the proposal of the Minister of Finance for a horizontal increase in tax rates. We shall hear, as we have heard recently, reports of great mathematical victories—large anticipated deficits valiantly wiped out by raising the estimates of revenue expected from various taxes and lowering the estimates of

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expenditures. And even if France should make a sincere attempt to reduce uneconomic expenditures and increase revenue from taxation, it would probably be impossible to prevent the growth of the public debt. The fixed payments which she has to meet, of which the debt service is the greatest, must surely swamp the ship of state unless there be a national consecration to debt reduction. Such a consecration would involve a degree of universally distributed discernment, devotion, and education beyond the bounds of achievement in the time available. In passing we may remark that France has not yet paid off any appreciable amount of the loans she contracted to meet the indemnity for the Franco-Prussian War of 1871.

The deficits must then continue and the debt must grow larger, and with it the interest on the debt. As stated above, the debt service is now about 60 per cent of real receipts. It will not be many years before the debt service approaches 100 per cent of real receipts, for borrowings of from 20 to 30 billions a year go on regularly. These recent borrowings are at higher rates than the old loans, a considerable portion of which (the old loans) is carried at rates varying from 3 to 5 per cent. Recent issues of treasury bills have cost the Government as high as 6½ and 7 per cent. This means that the debt service is increasing in greater proportion than the debt itself. The present 60 per cent ratio of debt service to revenue will assuredly mount.

As that ratio gets near 100 per cent, the Government will have to increase its paper money in circulation. One will see the government borrowings from the Bank of France steadily rising. The French Government will regularly discount its treasury bills with the Bank of France, receiving in return the latter's irredeemable notes, just as the German Government does with the Reichsbank. As the rates of interest on new borrowings rise, the old loans, bearing lower rates of interest, will go lower and lower in value. The franc, except during short periods when the Government artificially bolsters it, will go lower on the world's exchange markets. The French citizens, who hitherto seem to have had inexhaustible bond-absorption capacities, will lose the greatest faith of their lives—their confidence in their Government—for they will witness their life savings slipping. Even if they do not understand the meaning of falling French exchange, they *will* understand the meaning of prices rapidly rising, their own wages or profits rising much less rapidly, their government bonds (which have a remarkably wide distribution and are an important source of income in France) actually decreasing in value, and the interest on these bonds remaining the same in depreciated paper as it formerly was in higher-value currency.

The credit of the Government may deteriorate slowly, or again it may vanish overnight. Whichever course it follows, it will be interesting to see how the French people take their financial ruin. Germany has taken hers in the main calmly. The majority of her people have, so far at any rate, been willing to suffer silently. One important reason is that they realize that the foreign oppressor's heavy hand has had much to do with their country's plight and that their own Government is therefore only partially to blame. Another reason is, that of all peoples in the world they are the most disposed to submit to governmental authority. But it is different in France. The French Government's "alibi" of Germany's perverseness in not paying must some time lose its power of control. From childlike faith in his Government, the French *rentier* is likely to graduate to envenomed resentment. There will be no foreign oppressor for him to blame. The French Revolution recalls interesting possibilities for the Frenchman who does not like his Government. It will be just as well not to be around when the bottom goes out of French government credit—particularly for the Minister of Finance.

The franc then is going to follow the mark. And the main reason will be the overwhelming inclination of French statesmen to indulge in oratory and avoid facing economic facts. Less actual undernourishment among the French people will result than in Germany, due to a greater degree of agricultural self-sufficiency in France than in Germany. But as in Germany the whole industrial system and mechanism of commodity exchange will be turned inside out. The ultimate result, combined with continued chaos in Germany, may be the permanent partial deindustrializing of all Western Europe, including neutral countries and Great Britain. But we anticipate. First let us watch what happens in France when the franc goes under.

The Revolt in Spain*

By SAMUEL M. WAXMAN

ALTHOUGH the Spaniard as an individual is the most democratic of persons, the government of Spain is the most autocratic in Europe, if we are willing to except the temporary dictatorships in Russia and Italy. In twentieth-century Spain the King still rules by divine right, makes and unmakes ministries, appoints senators for life, hand-picks army officers and church dignitaries, and creates grandees who in medieval style are exempted from paying taxes. Buttressed by grandees, life senators, army officers, and high ecclesiastics, Alfonso is nevertheless a prisoner of the Spanish political system. Without their support he would lose his job and without his support they would lose their privileges. This close corporation controls the state and with its vast landed holdings wields a great economic power outside of the industrial cities. Like pre-war Russia, Spain has a comparatively small middle class. It is for the most part a pastoral and agricultural country, the larger part of the population consisting of peasants, sturdy, frugal, and unlettered. With a small group of intellectuals at their head, the constantly increasing bourgeoisie of the commercial and industrial cities is vociferously demanding a reform of the constitution of 1876 in political, military, religious, and economic affairs. It is the general belief outside Spain that Alfonso is a popular king. That is not true; he fears for his life like the former Czar of Russia, and rumors of his abdication are not unfounded. He realizes that his position is extremely insecure, but he is a good sport and will hold out to the bitter end. Since the World War, the rich in Spain have got richer, and the poor poorer, and the unpopularity of the

* This article, the result of recent first-hand observation in Spain, was written just before the announcement of the revolutionary uprising in Barcelona.

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Moroccan War has brought the peasantry closer to the intellectuals and the labor organizations. A bloodless revolution such as is going on in England does not seem possible in Spain where popular education is practically unknown and where there is a very small prosperous middle class. The chasm between the classes is wide, and it looks as though it would be filled with blood before constitutional changes are made.

The thunderings of Spain's moral and intellectual leader, Miguel de Unamuno, philosopher, essayist, poet, and dramatist, must make the King and his entourage quake at times, but his only punishment has been demotion from rector to professor of Greek at the University of Salamanca. Unamuno's "Tragic Sense of Life," reviewed in *The Nation* of May 17, 1922, will explain to the American reader why the all-powerful church in Spain humiliated this latitudinarian Catholic. It was not his political utterances, but his religious heresies that got him into trouble. He browbeats the King under the very shadow of the royal palace and went so far recently as to walk into the lion's den. When rebuked by his followers for such subservience to royalty, he replied that he was not afraid to tell the King what he thought of him face to face. And so Unamuno fulminates from his ivory tower in lofty philosophical language, now and then stepping down to lecture platform and newspaper column. He is always vigorous and forceful, but never violent, and so reaches only the intellectuals. José Ortega y Gasset, also a professor, writes a work entitled "Invertebrate Spain," a most cruel and searching examination of conditions in his country, and the book is allowed to circulate freely. In general the American has the feeling that there is more freedom of speech in Spain than in the United States. Spain is at war and these leaders are obstructionists. But the Spanish Government has a way of permitting revolutionists to let off steam by talking and writing. Let the foreigner hazard the statement that Spain is surely ripe for a revolution with such incendiary material in the hands of the people, and the answer invariably is: "These are but 'words, words, words.' Spaniards are excellent rhetoricians, but what we need is action and for action we must have men of action." But just as the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution had their prophets, so men like the late Angel Ganivet, Unamuno, and Ortega y Gasset are the prophets of the Spanish Revolution, and the Moroccan War just as the World War in Russia may prove to be a two-edged sword. Spaniards are being taught action in Morocco.

Indirectly the teaching of the prophets reach the people of Spain, who read very little, through the newspapers and the *Ateneo* of Madrid which has begotten many smaller *Ateneos* throughout Spain. From the *Ateneo* of Madrid, at once a forum, an intellectual club, a library, and an extension university, has come almost every political, economic, and educational reform that Spain has had in the past hundred years. It is not so highbrow as it once was, and until very recently its president was the political liberal leader, Romanones, who resigned a few months ago because he refused to sanction a manifestation in the streets against the war policy of the Government. In spite of his opposition, the *Ateneo* led a peaceful manifestation of 100,000 people against the leniency of the Government toward incompetent and criminally neglectful army officers. This demonstration brought about a change of ministry.

Ever since the terrible disaster at Anual, Morocco, of July, 1921, when an entire army was cut to pieces, ten thousand men, including the commanding general, killed, and one thousand taken prisoner, the favorite game among Spanish politicians has been to "pass the buck." Day after day the newspapers reiterate the urgent necessity of placing the responsibility for this catastrophe, but each time that the investigators find out too much, the ministry either resigns or is forced to resign, and no scapegoat can be found who is willing to accept martyrdom for the sake of whitewashing the King and his group. If the King will appoint incompetents to high civil and military office then he must accept the consequences. Public opinion is at such fever heat today that the Government dare not fly in the face of it, and on several occasions the King has had to yield to it. The dissolution of the *juntas*, groups of army officers who had attempted to run the army from within, is a recent case in point. The King realizes that he is playing a dangerous game trying to please his entourage and placate the public at the same time. Thus far he has compromised by yielding a little to the one or to the other. The day is coming, however, when he must either abdicate or throw in his lot with the people. The second alternative is a difficult feat, as Louis XVI and Nicholas discovered.

Sporadically we see newspaper reports about Spanish military operations in Morocco which mean little or nothing to us. The Spanish papers headline the Moroccan war news which is so heavily censored that it takes several days for the truth to leak out. And so as soon as the public realizes one reverse another has taken place. Now and then there is a mutiny at a port of embarkation. The latest occurred only a few days ago at Malaga where a Basque contingent had to be marched aboard a transport under the guns of loyal troops. The anti-war feeling is spreading more and more every day, and the Government is making every effort to bring the war to a successful end before the patience of the people who are sending their sons to slaughter and paying burdensome taxes becomes exhausted, and before the loyal troops become disaffected and join the mutineers.

Outside military and government circles there is no enthusiasm for this war anywhere in Spain. What is it all about? Since the expulsion of the Moslems in 1492, Spain has held portions of North Africa, and in the coast cities from Tangier to Oran there are large groups of Spaniards. Since the beginnings of the Entente Cordiale between France and England through which France recognized England's sphere of influence in Egypt and England recognized France's claim to Morocco, Spain has demanded a share of the spoils. After several international conferences, Spain was allotted a small strip of the coast from Tangier to the Algerian frontier but exclusive of the city of Tangier itself, which was too strategic and rich a prize for powerful nations to bestow upon a weaker nation. Not being able to come to an agreement between themselves, France and England have compromised by making Tangier an international city, and by the Treaty of Versailles it temporarily shares the same fate as Danzig and Fiume. A Franco-Anglo-Spanish conference which is to decide its ultimate destiny has been promised for some time, but it has been postponed because of more pressing international difficulties. France, who occupies the greater part of Morocco and who has no Moroccan port on the Mediterranean, naturally covets it, and Spain claims it on the ground that

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it falls within the territory allotted to her. But England is not particularly anxious for either of them to possess the finest harbor of Morocco which even more than Gibraltar forms the gate to the Mediterranean. It looks now with the strained relations between France and England as if Tangier would either remain an international city or go to the weaker of the two contestants, Spain. A new complication has arisen. According to newspaper dispatches Italy has sent a warship to Tangier and proclaimed her candidacy for the possession of the ancient Pillar of Hercules.

After the Spanish American War the Spaniards heaved a sigh of relief. Their great empire in Europe, in America, and in the Philippines had dwindled down to a part of the Iberian peninsula, the Canary Islands, and a few possessions on the northern and western coasts of Africa. They set about to improve their economic situation at home which had been neglected through centuries of almost continuous European and colonial warfare. But since 1904 and especially since the World War, with the fate of Tangier hanging in the air, the Spanish Government has been trying unsuccessfully to pacify her strip of Morocco commonly known as the Rif. And so by the irony of fate Spain who escaped from the World War finds herself engaged once more in an unsuccessful colonial war, impelled by national pride and by the fact that a group of capitalists has large financial interests in the Rif. It can be easily understood why Spain was so little inclined to take sides with the Allies in the World War. It is more likely that had she gone into the war she would have thrown in her lot with Germany, for Spain as well as Germany felt that she had not been treated fairly in the partitioning of North Africa. Germany's offer of Gibraltar and Morocco was a tempting bait which might have precipitated her into the war or at least given her the opportunity to bargain for the freedom of Gibraltar and a larger share in Morocco had she been more powerful. As it was, her hands were tied. English and French capital have a strong hold in Spain. The mining regions in the north of Spain and the wealth of the city of Bilbao are largely in English hands, the fortress of Gibraltar would have been a great military asset, and Portugal was England's ally. Large railroad interests are in the hands of the English and the French, although considerable holdings have been transferred to Spanish capitalists since the war. The anti-French feeling in Spain is bitter. The memory of the Napoleonic invasion is still vivid, and the more recent exile of the religious congregations at the time of the separation of the church and state in France has still further alienated devout Catholics. But what rankles most of all is France's occupation of Morocco and England's past acquiescence in French policy.

In spite of the Agadir and Tangier incidents, which threatened to bring war in 1907 and 1912, little has been said about North Africa since the opening of the war. Since the Treaty of Versailles the status of Morocco has been regarded as a *fait accompli*. Yet the partitioning of North Africa was one of the chief causes of the war; had the French and English been more generous with Germany, the Great War might have been possibly avoided or at least postponed. But now the Hispano-Moroccan War and the struggle over Tangier have pushed North Africa once more to the front of the stage and it looks as though it were destined to stay there for some time to come.

It is only during the past hundred years that North Africa has been reannexed to Europe. While the Turk was busy holding his own in Southeastern Europe, France and England seized Egypt and Algeria. Later France added Tunis, and in attempting to annex Morocco against a hostile Germany added fuel to the flames of a European war. When Italy seized Tripoli in 1912 while Turkey was fighting the Balkan Wars, it seemed very evident that in return for the acquiescence of England and France, who controlled the Mediterranean, she would either remain neutral in the event of war between the Triple Alliance and the Entente or side with the Entente. As we have seen she did both, and now having recovered her lost provinces she is a serious rival to France in the struggle over the control of the Mediterranean. The fact that Tunis is largely populated by Italians and the constant friction between French and Italians do not augur future peace, especially under the present militarist dictatorship in Italy. Another glance at the map will show the proximity of Sicily to Tunis—which with the boot of Italy forms a lake within a lake bounded by Italy, France, and Spain on the north, and Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco to the south, with England intrenched at both ends, at Malta and at Gibraltar. The geographical conformation of this western Mediterranean lake explains the presence of Italy's warship at Tangier.

Everything in Europe points to a jockeying for position in the event of a future war. France, who is building up a tremendous empire in Northwestern and Central Africa, has already made her continental alliances, for it is only by force of arms that she can maintain her empire. England is mainly concerned with preventing her empire from disintegrating, and so has been willing to grant freedom to Egypt on paper while she maintains a large army there. All this may sound cynical to American ears which have been lulled by the phrases "war to end war" and "a war to make the world safe for democracy" and by the hopes and promises of the League of Nations, but at the present writing a league without the United States, Germany, and Russia is a sorry farce in a Europe filled with bitter rivalries and jealousies. Neither England nor France want war. With the possible exception of Tangier England does not want territory in North Africa, but neither does she want France to have more. Her attitude toward Italy is not clearly defined. Are they possibly coquetting with each other? North Africa is, then, a part of Europe. Algeria is no longer a colony, it is a province of France, it is divided into *départements* and sends its senators and deputies to Paris. Tangier has been long one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world, and France's portion of Morocco has been almost completely "pacified" under the intelligent and wise rule of Maréchal Lyautey.

Spain on the contrary has been muddling along, losing the money and prestige she won through non-interference in the World War. Although she possesses a certain amount of up-to-date equipment, such as aeroplanes, tanks, and gas, the war in the Rif does not lend itself to the use of such modern paraphernalia. It is a guerrilla war fought in the mountains, and the enemies are nomadic and fanatic mountaineers who do not come out into the open. Rarely does the Spanish soldier see his enemy who fights with the fanatic, fatalistic fury of the Moslem. His duty is to kill as many enemies as possible. If he gets killed, it is Allah's will. Nor do the Spaniards use their superior war mate-

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rials to greatest advantage. The Moroccan War requires skilled engineering, and unfortunately for Spain she has few trained engineers and lacks technical schools for the training of army officers. Then, too, Spanish Morocco is partly under civil and partly under military jurisdiction, and there is often friction and jealousy between the ministries of state and war. But worst of all the Spanish army is cursed with graft and favoritism in the appointment and promotion of officers. Temperamentally the Spaniard is an intense individualist; cooperation is foreign to his nature. He will not sell his soul to the modern Moloch efficiency. Furthermore he is fighting only half-heartedly for a cause to which he is either violently opposed or in which he has no interest. Thus from top to bottom the Spanish army lacks that rigid discipline which is so necessary to the successful military machine of today.

But the greatest difficulty that Spain has to contend with is the fact that it is a land divided against itself. Since the Spanish American War regionalism and separatism have threatened several times to plunge Spain into civil war. Geographically the Iberian peninsula is a unit, but Portugal, strongly dominated by British influence, and Gibraltar, are constant reminders of Spain's past inability to unify the peninsula. But while Portugal and Gibraltar are primarily sentimental problems, Catalonia and Viscaya are burning actualities. The Catalans and the Basques, the richest industrial and commercial peoples of Spain, speak non-Castilian languages. They are more energetic than the agricultural and pastoral peoples of central and southern Spain, and have recently joined hands in the economic war with the central government. The Basques are a hardy mountain race which was never subjugated by the Mohammedans, and although they speak a language totally different from the Romance Castilian, they have thrown in their lot for centuries with central Spain. Their present difficulties are economic rather than political and are centered in the industrial population of Bilbao and in the adjacent mining regions. The Catalans have not only economic but also political grievances against the central government. Their language is more closely related to Provençal than to Castilian and morally they resemble the French rather than the Spanish. They are very proud of their literature and culture, and especially since the war, with its talk about the rights of small peoples to choose their own form of government, they have been very turbulent. Barcelona, the second largest city of the Mediterranean, the "New York of Spain," is a hotbed of discontent, and is frequently under martial law. Economic questions have become so inextricably woven with political issues that it is very hard to separate them, but the great struggle seems to be between the ruling privileged class of wealthy landholders centered about the King and the working classes of the cities and intellectuals. It looks now as though Catalonia must go through the same bloody experience as Ireland before a compromise can be reached. Feeling is running higher than ever before because of the Moroccan War to which Catalonia is even more violently opposed than the other provinces because of its interference with commercial prosperity. Extremists have gone so far as to petition the League of Nations for complete autonomy. Thus far the Catalans have found support only among the Basques, but a feeling of unrest is spreading to other urban centers which have large industrial populations.

The Spanish Government has failed to bring the war in Morocco to a successful conclusion. All thinking Spaniards who may possibly disagree on every other issue are determined to place the responsibility for failure where it belongs, and since the King has been either unwilling or unable to punish the guilty and incompetent, they are making every effort to take the responsibility of ruling Spain out of his hands and place it in their own. The King and his entourage are determined not to lose any of their medieval privileges; they are determined to save their faces in European politics by winning the war in Morocco; they are determined to hold out to the bitter end and—as was the case with Russia—the end will be bitter.

Mussolini Starts a War

By PAUL BLANSHARD

Milan, September 2

CENTRAL Milan is ablaze with excitement. The news has reached the city of the murder of the Italian mission in Epirus in the performance of its duty in establishing the border of Albania. Gray-green uniforms fill the great arcade near the cathedral. There is the rumble of a thousand men talking at once. A detachment of tired boys passes on the street, grotesque in misfitting uniforms and bulging knapsacks, their feet clattering heavily on the stones.

Gentlemen with spats and curled mustaches sip coffee at cafe tables under the sky and curse Greece. A middle-aged soldier goes by holding a little girl very tightly in his arms. The bored look has gone from the faces of the young officers. The street women come closer to the cafe tables.

The Fascisti get to work. Tablets commemorating Greek heroes in Genoa are torn down and Italian ones substituted. The commander of a Greek ship in Naples is ordered to run up the Italian flag. The chorus for war is almost unanimous. A commission merchant of chocolate products tells me gleefully that business will increase during war. Of the newspapers, only *Avanti* tries to analyze the situation honestly and even *Avanti* does not speak in ringing tones. The Italian Socialists have no love for the Greek Government and they have vivid recollections of recent Fascist raids. *Giustizia*, organ of the right-wing Socialists, dodges the issue and uses its front page for a long discussion of the inheritance tax on the day when other papers are supporting the Government's war measures.

The situation provides an excellent stage setting for Mussolini. Fighting is the safest thing for the immediate future of Fascism because Fascism lives by fighting. Things have been getting dull at home. The black shirts are losing some of their first glamor. In fact these shirts are beginning to look uncommonly like workmen's shirts. War! A happy thought, worthy of Seward. Anybody can run a government during a war. Mussolini of the iron jaw and sick eyes, leader of Italy in a war for justice! No longer merely a Fascist interloper but an international leader with the pose of Napoleon and the morality of Zane Grey. *Ecco!* A note to Greece that would draw wrath from China.

The note is one of the most atrocious in modern diplomatic history, demanding that Greece not only apologize but complete an investigation within five days, pay 50 million lire indemnity, and practically admit responsibility for the crime. Greece answers with ample regrets, offers

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to pay homage to the Italian flag, and to pay an indemnity to the families of the victims. Mussolini pretends that the answer is a rejection of the Italian note and orders the Italian military forces to occupy the island of Corfu, an important island off the coast of Greece.

In all the press there is scarcely a voice to ask: "Was the Greek Government really responsible? Was the murder committed by private brigands without the connivance of the Government?" The *Corriere della Sera* of Milan says that the assassination was committed by men who "seem to have been garbed in the style and color of Greek soldiers." But this paper which has the reputation of being one of the most scrupulous in Italy offers no proof.

The technique of getting mad is still the same as it was before the World War. Not a single point in the process has been changed. First comes the "international crime" in which some citizen is killed by individuals in a foreign country. Then comes the report of the incident in the press, always with headlines and always with extreme bias. If the offending nation is weak, the offended government issues an ultimatum. It is pompous and irritating, overshooting the mark. The opposition government is insulted. Its national honor is at stake. It rejects the ultimatum conditionally with explanations. The press of both countries declares its solidarity with the governments in this national crisis. The offended government declares war not so much because its citizens were killed but because it cannot extricate itself from the tangle of its own diplomacy.

It is easy to blame the governments without blaming the people. In this case the Italian people want war. The street cars are full of people who are talking about "bombardare la Grecia." Militancy has been ground into them by their nationalist education. Compulsory military service for all young men keeps thousands of impatient youngsters ready for the bloodiest emergency that the diplomacy of old men can create.

In occupying Corfu Mussolini made his great mistake. The capture of Corfu is a threat to the control of the Balkans by England and France because Corfu is the Gibraltar of the Adriatic. In the long run he cannot hold it without the consent of England and France and neither England nor France is anxious to give Italy control of the Adriatic. Mussolini is in a dilemma: He cannot afford to oppose England and France and he cannot withdraw ingloriously from Corfu without a great loss of prestige in Italy.

Greece is too weak to win a war or to stop a war. If the war is stopped, it will be because of the power of foreign capital speaking through the English and French governments. That power is especially important for the Fascisti because they have in mind an elaborate program of denationalization. They propose to sell the railroads and telephones, and perhaps the parcel post to private capitalists. Where is the money to come from for the purchase of these public utilities? It must come largely from abroad. So Mussolini is likely to listen to the voice of foreign capital.

Italy shows no respect for the League of Nations as such but only for the economic and military power of the English and French governments. *La Sera* of Milan remarks: "Italy will go to the court of the League of Nations and to the Council of Ambassadors when France goes there with the question of the Ruhr, and England with her mandates." *Et tu, Italia!* If Italy cannot be persuaded or compelled to use the machinery of the League of Nations, that outcast institution will have no place to lay its head.

In the Driftway

SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF is a great man. The Drifter never takes sides in any political discussion, so that he does not base his opinion of Sir Basil on the fact that he has just given the Greeks two and a half million dollars to placate the latest Tyrant of Europe. No, it is not Sir Basil's generosity that makes him great; it is his restraint. Sir Basil, so the Drifter reads, is writing his memoirs. Every word is written by his own hand and each year of his life is treated in a separate volume (Sir Basil was born in 1850). If any reader feels that restraint so far is lacking, let him only read further: Sir Basil has made a will, and in his will he provides that his memoirs be destroyed after his death.

* * * * *

TO state the case plainly, the Drifter has never heard the like of that. Accurate statistics are lacking, but he is nevertheless sure that eleven out of every fourteen persons are writing their memoirs; of the eleven, six are doing it with their own hands. And accurate statistics are not lacking to show that not one of these persons will decree that his memoirs be destroyed either before or after death. Sir Basil, therefore, stands alone upon the peak of this extraordinary eminence. It is doubtless only the Drifter's perversity that makes him yearn more than he ever yearned for anything to read Sir Basil's memoirs; and that makes him resolve never to read any memoirs to which their author does not will destruction.

* * * * *

IT may be that Sir Basil has set a dangerous literary precedent. If the reading public should follow the Drifter's example, authors already harassed will be on the horns of a painful dilemma: either preserve your book and let it remain unread, or destroy your book and rouse the interests of the reading public too late. We shall then have a condition similar to that during the reign of the First Emperor of China. That worthy, sincerely believing himself to be the greatest man who had ever lived, believed also that his reign should mirror his greatness. It was plain, he reasoned, that nothing finished before he came to the throne could equal what came after. Accordingly he ordered that all books be destroyed; literature, he felt, should begin with himself. The result was that for years afterward the favorite sport of an unknown author was to bring forth a book of his own composition, declaring it to be one of the lost books before the First Emperor. The Drifter is pleased to offer this suggestion to persons who shall go on living and writing after books begin to be destroyed in order to be read.

* * * * *

IT may be, however, that the best way to reduce the production of literature is to destroy the typewriter. On all sides this infernal machine is being congratulated on its fiftieth birthday. But besides being the cause of the decline of chirography, the typewriter has made the lives of authors and typesetters so easy that almost anyone can write a book and have it read at least once. The Drifter is willing to begin the holocaust by taking an ax to his own machine, and he guarantees that the result will be fewer Driftways.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

The Homely Truth

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When will *The Nation* take time off from abusing the fire that won't burn the stick that won't beat the dog that won't, etc., to turn its batteries on the pig that won't go over the stile? Which of the nations is demanding the original pound of flesh? The United States is demanding return of money lent to its Allies; the Allies are demanding money from their debtors. Is France more or less justified in exacting reparation for devastation wrought on her soil in violation of recognized laws of warfare than we in demanding return of money lent to our Allies and largely spent in our own country for munitions to fight battles in which we were vitally interested?

Are we prepared to make financial sacrifice to restore peace to the world? If we are, let us go to Europe and propose limitation of armaments and military expenditures. Let us attach to our proposals the offer to consider the whole question of reparations and war debts as one, which it really is, and let us be prepared, as the wealthiest nation, to make the largest sacrifice.

If we are not prepared to do these things, we have but one part to play—hold our tongue.

Portland, Oregon, September 1. BENJ. M. WOODBRIDGE

Are the Russians Cruel?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Gorki's stinging indictment of Russian cruelty in your issue of September 5 says and implies a number of horrid things apt to mislead the uninformed reader. The first sweeping implication is that Russians in general and peasants in particular are, essentially and racially, downright fiends with a thirst for revolting forms of cruelty and torture. At best, they are insensible brutes to whom bloodshed is mere sport and human life is dirt cheap. This fling means to hit all Russians irrespective of time, historical change, political class convulsions, education, and environment. The rural clodhopper, the factory worker, Whites and Reds alike, gloat over the sight of diabolical and ingenious devices for, and ways of, inflicting torture and crushing out human life, for all of them "are Russians."

Both my own experience in and out of Russia and the universal dictum do not bear out this contention. In my continuous and vital contacts, during the five years of the social convulsion in Russia, with the boys of the Soviet army units and the Russian Reds in general, I have not known of a single case where Russian Communists or mere 100 per cent peasants were guilty of any act of cruelty remotely suggesting anything implied in the above contention. During the fiercest days of the Red terror, under the Cheka, counter-revolutionists, foreign spies, brigands, gang leaders, and food profiteers were stood against a wall and shot down, but no preliminary torture of any kind was either practiced or allowed. The riff-raff of Denikin's and Wrangel's hordes, drawn from the very dregs of the Kuban and the Don, committed atrocities that age one with horror as they aged me, but neither these nor the Kishinev hordes are in the least typical of the Russian peasant. The White Guard officers did what a frenzied mob of the nobility or master class of any race will do when hurled at break-neck speed into the social pit by their former slaves.

The Siberian peasant who thought killing his Bashkir neighbor was a trifle compared with stealing his cow was of the hardened stock of the Siberian frontiersman very remotely suggesting the typical Russian. Besides, had Gorki taken the trouble to know him and his rough life and to realize what a cow meant to him the verdict would have been far less severe.

Are all Nordic Americans, Italians, and Magyars, racially and essentially and eternally, fiends of cruelty because of the atrocities committed by hooded klan mobs, prison wardens, phosphate-mine bosses who force their victims to rot away piecemeal in the pits, Colorado bull-pen thugs of yore, or by Mussolini's black-shirted brutes and Horthy's organized cut-throats?

New York, September 10 CHARLES RICE

"Bah"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation,* the weekly *Nation,* the good *Nation,* the sensible *Nation,* the literary *Nation* was a weekly weekly, a good weekly, a sensible weekly, a literary weekly. Then came Sandburg, Carl Sandburg, Sandburg the writer, Sandburg the writer of dippy stories; and he wrote a story for the weekly *Nation,* the good *Nation,* the sensible *Nation,* the literary *Nation.* He called it The Two Sweetheart Dippies. How They Sat in the Moonlight on a Lumberyard Fence and Heard about the Sooners and the Boomers. "Thumbs down!" say the non-dippy readers, the sensible readers. "Bah, away with dippy fiction; away with Sooner and Boomer fiction; away with pig-pig-pig fiction, Bah!" (Bah speaks more than it means whenever it is spoken.)

So soon the Editors, not wishing to be called goofs, or snoofs, grave robbers, pickpockets, porch climbers, pie thieves, pie-faced mutts, bums, big bums, bigger bums, biggest bums, big greasy bums, dummies, rummies, or mummies, decided not to print any more dippy stories. For the thousands of good readers had made war on Sandburg, on Carl Sandburg, on Carl Sandburg the writer, on Carl Sandburg the writer of dippy fiction, of pig-pig-pig fiction, of black- and brown-striped fiction.

Thus *The Nation* became again the good *Nation,* the sensible *Nation,* the literary *Nation.*

"Bah," they said.

(Bah speaks more than it means whenever it is spoken—or written.)

Philadelphia, August 1 PHILIP S. RESNIKOV

Books for San Quentin

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The generous responses of *Nation* readers to earlier appeals, together with the present situation at San Quentin, are my excuse for one more brief communication. With about seventy I.W.W. now serving time at San Quentin and many more soon to be added, the demand for good reading and some variety is one which friends of constitutional liberty *still outside* will not be slow to answer.

By a rule of the prison neither periodicals nor books can be sent prisoners *direct* except by publishers. But, by the kindness of the warden, Mr. Johnston, other books can be sent to me and will then reach the men inside. Having been a regular visitor at the prison for three years, I suppose the warden has some confidence in my judgment, and has allowed me to loan many books from my own library to our comrades inside.

A desire was expressed today for Wells's "The Outline of History" and for "Ancient Society." If by any chance the historical books written by Prof. Carleton Hayes of Columbia University—one a two-volume history of Europe since 1815, another his history of the Great War—could be sent, these additions to the stock of available books would be wonderfully stimulating and educative. I will gladly act as a medium in this matter and answer all inquiries sent me.

San Francisco, August 4 W. T. BROWN,
2943 Fillmore Street

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Books

A Parfit Gentil Knight

Industrial Democracy. By Glenn E. Plumb and William G. Roylance. B. W. Huebsch. $2.

THE late Glenn E. Plumb will forever remain an outstanding figure in the knight errantry of American industrialism. This big corporation lawyer and public-utility manager who forsook all in order to follow after that industrial democracy in which he so eagerly believed, and who out of his own experience and thought evolved a plan of economic control so remarkably similar to that simultaneously developed by the guildsmen in England—this man was of the type to make one glad to avow "I am an American." His untimely death is a loss not alone to the labor and liberal forces of the United States, but to that world-wide fellowship of choice spirits, whatever their political or economic beliefs, who possess a profound faith in the fundamental soundness of democracy as the true basis of social organization, and in the capacity of intelligent thinking, directed by honest good-will, to solve the economic problems of democratic society without recourse to violent revolution or destructive force. Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

And now we have Glenn Plumb's industrial last will and testament. It is not a book for the technical economist and political scientist, who will doubtless find in its large generalizations much to despise, and in its detailed statement of fact and argument many a salient open to gleeful attack. To the conventional profit-grabbing financier (not to the thoughtful business man) and to the pestiferous and rapidly multiplying young breed of "business" economists it will be matter for misunderstanding and merriment. In these days of disillusionment and distrust of all "solutions" it may even be doubted whether the common people will hear the prophet gladly. Yet to all who knew the man, the work will remain a source of inspiration and renewed faith. Witness the simple statement, signed by the presidents of fifteen powerful labor organizations, which immediately follows the dedication "To all who toil": "We can render no more valid service to our times than by the widest diffusion of these truths in which we believe."

Reduced to its simplest terms the book is an argument for the application of the principles of the Plumb Plan in modified form to all industries, as a means of realizing industrial democracy, substituting the service for the profits motive, meeting the condition of world bankruptcy "due to the accumulation of profits and the consequent impairment of the world's buying power," and thus pointing the way "by which a stricken and distracted world may emerge from the economic, political, social, and moral chaos into which the collapse of autocracy has plunged it." Mr. Plumb divides all industries into four groups: national public utilities; state and municipal public utilities; other industries based on grants or involving natural or economic monopoly; and all other industries. The first group will be owned by the Federal government; the second by the State or the municipality; the third by those who "invest" either their labor or their money; and the fourth according to the varying preference of those who are engaged in the various industries.

All industries in the first two groups will be leased to corporations without capital stock or bonds. Rates will be fixed by public agencies, and wages by boards of directors representing equally the public, management, and labor. If costs are reduced below rates, half the surplus will go as a dividend to management and labor, half to public surplus, to be used for extensions and betterments. When the surplus exceeds a fixed percentage rates will be automatically reduced, and wages and salaries (as distinct from dividends on wages and salaries) increased, thus keeping up the perpetual pursuit of increased efficiency, lower rates, and higher pay. A similar scheme will be applied to industries in the two private groups, but they will be privately financed, the investor of money or property getting capital stock bearing a limited, preferred, cumulative rate of dividend, almost exactly like preferred stock at present. But—and here is the specially interesting point—the "investor" of labor will get labor stock, carrying no claim on the property of the corporation, non-transferable, and valid only during employment. It will carry voting power, however, on the basis of a dollar's wages equaling a dollar's dividends. After payment of wages, salaries, and other costs, preferred dividends on stocks will be paid. Any excess earnings will be surplus, to be divided into corporate surplus and public surplus. The former may be used as determined by the stockholders, both capital and labor, any distribution being in proportion to stock of both kinds, of course. Public surplus will be expended to improve plant or to retire capital. Provision is made for the reduction of price if surplus proves excessive. By the application of such a plan, Mr. Plumb hoped to transfer the control of industry to those directly interested in it, whether as workers or as active investors of capital, to transfer the emphasis from profits to service, to remove from industry the growing burden of capitalized profits, to get rid of bankers' control, and to secure constantly rising efficiency and falling prices.

This is not the place for a criticism of the plan or of the scheme for its detailed application to railroads, coal mining, and agriculture contained in the book. It cannot be said that Mr. Plumb ever successfully solved the problem of wage-fixing which is central to the success of his plan, though he did offer useful suggestions. Other difficulties are surmounted by an act of faith, and plenty of fault may be found with some of the detailed financial calculations. But when all deductions have been made, we have here the work of one of those robust Americans who have dared believe, and have realized the need of adding to faith earnest thinking. Glenn Plumb's life and work will offer suggestions to the growing number of those who honestly and earnestly seek for methods of getting forward out of our present perplexities.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

The Economic Order

Incentives in the New Industrial Order. By J. A. Hobson. Thomas Seltzer. $1.75.

Economic Motives. By Zenas Clark Dickinson. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

THE existing economic order is natural and right, because it rests upon human nature, and human nature cannot be changed. This is the underlying assumption of most defenders of things as they are. In a more elaborate form it is implicit in the theories of the classical economists. All of them were amateur psychologists; all of them accounted for economic institutions by tracing the actions of men back to certain "motives." Among later followers of these pioneers their psychological analysis dropped out of sight or was taken for granted, but for many years conventional economics developed on this primitive basis of psychological assumptions.

Since then psychology has traveled a long road, or rather, many roads. As it approaches the stature of an exact science based on experimental data, generality after generality is exploded, and few certainties remain. One certainty is, however, that although the guesses of the early economists were suggestive, they were far indeed from a precise statement of psychological "laws" on which a dependable economic science might be built.

Mr. J. A. Hobson, in his little book on incentives in the new industrial order, attacks the popular assumption on a less fundamental ground. He does not argue that human nature is a different article from that described to us by the classical economists, but he does contend that the present industrial order is not the one which they accounted for. Whether human nature changes or not, human institutions do change. Free

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competition has disappeared in many basic industries and cannot be restored; in these industries economic self-interest cannot be depended upon to further the general good. Public control is necessary.

From this starting-point Mr. Hobson's inquiry is directed to the question of how the ordinarily assumed motives will work under the new order. The inquiry answers the usual objections made to public ownership or control. Will sufficient new capital be forthcoming? Will inventors, technicians, and managers be well enough rewarded to call forth their best ability? Will there be effective discipline and productivity of labor? Will enterprise be killed by bureaucratic red tape? Will the consumer be protected? Mr. Hobson believes that the elimination of the wastes of private industry will produce larger savings in the aggregate than are piled up at present—in part by the elimination of industrial depressions. He cites the familiar example of large war production with a diminished labor supply to prove the point. He contends that the highest ability is even now called forth as much by public recognition and a desire to serve as by financial rewards. Labor, he thinks, is badly disciplined and rebellious now, and will react much better to an atmosphere of mutual advantage than to the present atmosphere of compulsion and fear. Since he favors the nationalization only of those enterprises which are already controlled in large units, he does not look for an extension of the dead hand of bureaucracy, but advocates the counteracting effect of democratic control. For the protection of the consumer he looks chiefly to special representatives of consumers in governing boards, as well as to the cooperative movement.

It is a valuable little study which will set the general reader thinking, though it does not visualize the fundamental issues arising from recent developments of psychology.

Mr. Dickinson's book on economic motives is a more carefully documented piece of work, which adopts the opposite attack on the subject. It does not seriously discuss the changes which have taken place in economic institutions, or attempt to contemplate any new order, but merely reexamines traditional economic theory in the light of modern psychology.

The book is painstaking—so much so that in some respects it is more the usual doctor's thesis than a real orientation of the subject. It is not necessary to begin with Aristotle or to devote nearly half the book to an analysis of the psychology of the classicists. When the author finally arrives at the modern schools of psychology, he presents a summary which will add much to the knowledge of most readers. Because psychology itself has so few definite results to offer, however, and opinions differ so widely in the regions where guessing is still possible, he is forced to make his own evaluations, which may or may not be accepted. Certain large conclusions do appear to be warranted. "Human nature" is capable of a good deal of variability. Innate instincts are comparatively few in number, and may be led into innumerable paths through association, convention, or other psychological mechanisms. Theories accounting for economic phenomena on the basis of such vague "motives" as self-interest or pain-and-pleasure are mirages floating unsubstantially in hot air. Human behavior seems to be capable of almost illimitable alteration through education. There are doubtless natural limits of some sort to the attainment of strange ideals, but, as Mr. Dickinson says, "it is practically impossible at present to say what they are."

Mr. Dickinson's economic conclusions, however, are not startling. When he begins to discuss the applications of modern psychology to economic theory, he appears to forget the broader implications of his psychological investigation. It is doubtless true that education is a slow and uncertain instrument, that it can do little with adults, and that this fact accounts largely for the disappointed hopes in such a drastic experiment as that of the Russian Communists. But that does not do away with the series of obvious changes which have already taken place in capitalist institutions such as are noted by Mr. Hobson, or with the certainty of future economic development. Not until a body of economic fact has been built up by the same careful scientific study of quantitative data which the modern psychologists have applied to their material, can a really fruitful juncture be made between the two sciences.

GEORGE SOULE

Mystical Criticism

Hieroglyphics. By Arthur Machen. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

IT is, perhaps, to be expected that Mr. Arthur Machen, having determined to arrive at some standard of judgment whereby literature, "fine literature," "literature with a capital L," might be distinguished from "mere literature," has succeeded in giving us nothing but an apology for his own books. Indeed, it would be strange if such were not the case considering Mr. Machen's emotional bias against any form of rationalism.

"I suppose there are only two parties in the world: the Rationalists and the Mystics, and one's vote goes with one's party," Mr. Machen tells us in the last chapter of his book, having tried to convince us, in the previous five chapters, that he was arguing by a Coleridgean "cyclical mode of discoursing" in an attempt to arrive at deducible truths. He admits that he belongs with the mystics. Like most of the tribe he has a faculty for so mystifying the commonplace that it takes on the semblance of wisdom.

Like a good mystic Mr. Machen starts out with a premise which he defines in terms of itself and then proceeds to justify it on the basis of certain examples which he selects to prove it. The acid test of literature in the highest sense is "ecstasy." And ecstasy is "rapture, beauty, adoration, wonder, awe, mystery, sense of the unknown, desire for the unknown." Ecstasy is, in brief, that quality of literature which makes it "fine literature" you know not why. A rather shaky foundation on which to build a critique.

Nevertheless, it affords the critic a magic wand of dogmatism which he has merely to wave to separate the sheep from the goats at first reading. Take, for instance, "Pickwick Papers" and "Vanity Fair." The first titillates Mr. Machen to a sense of ecstasy; the second does not. Ergo, to the junk heap with Thackeray along with "poor, draggle-tailed George Eliot" and unspeakable Gustave Flaubert, while Dickens is raised among the lower order of saints.

Moreover, there is no need to make such a fuss about the desire of the unknown in the Odyssey, which raises it, in the critic's estimation, to incredibly lofty heights. There is really nothing so mysterious about it. Given the early Greeks, a people dwelling by the vast and inexplicable sea, and given the ocean that reaches none knows where, teeming with all sorts of unknown possibilities, the adventures of Ulysses follow with all the logical certainty of Euclidean geometry.

To say, also, that writers like Rabelais wrote of giants to achieve the heroic and to avoid the commonplace stature of mankind and so differ noticeably from modern authors who take ordinary men and women and treat their symptoms realistically, is not sufficient. Rabelais exaggerated, probably, not because he wished for the unknown, the unheard-of, but because, by the simple process of applying a magnifying lens, a greater clarity could be achieved. In the same way contemporary authors writing of the diseased, the abnormal, are able to achieve a greater clarity of insight into human nature. Mr. Machen would have us believe that literature brings us closest to the heart of life when it removes us as far away from it as possible.

Artifice, he maintains, has nothing to do with art and the less we have of it the better. Now it is impossible to conceive of the spirit except in terms of the body. He is compelled, therefore, to concede begrudgingly that artifice is of some utility. Indeed, it is conceivable that artifice is the whole of art and that, as Miss Dorothy Richardson pointed out some

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time ago, genius is the usual thing, talent the rarity. For Mr. Machen to say that the lyric is the purest example of art hardly contaminated with artifice is to give himself away completely. For the lyric is the clearest example of the perfection of artifice to such a degree that the most intangible subtleties may be expressed thereby. If art approaches its maximum intensity through a minimum of artifice, the finest book in the world would be a book with nothing in it.

But of course Mr. Machen doesn't mean that. After all, he is a mystic and we are criticizing him from the camp of the rationalists. "Art is by its very definition quite without the jurisdiction of the schools and the realm of the reasoning process, since art is a miracle, superior to the laws." When a critic believes that, criticism of him is futile.

EDWIN SEAVER

Desolate Something

Desolate Splendour. By Michael Sadleir. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

SOME day a novel will be written about an elegant roué who is not reformed by and does not marry his young and beautiful ward. In spite of all the intrigues and devious villainies of Mr. Sadleir's novel, it was the novelist's own struggles with his temptation that kept at least one reader's devoted interest. Those who would like to know whether Mr. Sadleir respects his roué's finer nature and lets him go sinful to his grave will have to read the novel themselves. Suffice it to say that Mr. Sadleir calls his reprobate "the Man of Pleasure," and paints him in much more agreeable colors than his brother the Puritan. Moreover there is a charming and virtually pure young man who is all ready for the heroine to marry and live happily with ever after. There are several sinister schemers. One of the worst is an invalided earl; he is a quite dreadful person. The exact depth of his infamy is left undetermined but you suspect the worst when you find out that he paints his face. It is, altogether, a leisurely, entertaining romance, with moments of breathless suspense. The hateful people get theirs and the nice people get theirs, and it is a lot of fun pussyfooting after the author with the bag of awards on his back.

JOHN W. CRAWFORD

Syllogism and Fallacy

A First Book in Logic. By Henry Bradford Smith. Harper and Brothers. $2.

THIS conservative introduction to the study of the business of reasoning casts no new light upon this branch of philosophy. The apparent purpose of the book is classroom work rather than general reading; but it lacks especial adaptability to either. It is informative to encounter again the mnemonic Latin jingle containing the valid moods of the Aristotelian syllogism, whose unaccountable omission from many studies and reference works upon the subject is the less excusable, when it is remembered that they refer constantly to the Barbara mood, the Bokardo mood, the Festino mood, and the rest of them, with no clue to their exact significance. The few examples toward the end of this book of some of the famous fallacies and dilemmas of logical history lend a touch of vividness to the siccific theme. Logic, it has been said, is the child of a good heart and a clear head. Both here should have yielded a volume less formula-ridden, and more imbued with vitality. Keyser has said that mathematics is identical with logic; but the breathing body of his text is in surprising contrast to this finely preserved mummy of thought. The plan of the work left no room for even a brief outline of the golden history of the subject, of the resounding names from the beginning who have shed luster on themselves and the topic by their penetrating critiques.

When we come to the treatment of the moderns, the handling is even more cursory. An answer is attempted to be made to a few of the objections of Bertrand Russell, Peano, Schroder, and others. But the author is apparently not in sympathy with these iconoclasts, and the most he will grant to Symbolic Logic is a modification or broadening of several of the classical propositional functions, which is by no means a complete answer to the spirit of the criticisms. A logic, for instance, which fails to take into account, even in an appendix, non-Euclidean problems and transfinite numeration cannot be regarded as complete. The logic of the future will be broader in its scope, more imbued with a conception of the modern intellectual audacities concerning the fundamental materials of thinking, less abstract and abstruse in its development. A course faithfully following this book will hardly win an undergraduate ballot as the most popular course; and while that is not everything, it is something to make the broadening of the frontiers of knowledge and the mechanics of knowledge both satisfying and beckoning.

CLEMENT WOOD

Interpretation of Racial Differences

A Study of American Intelligence. By Carl C. Brigham. Princeton University Press. $3.50.

THE present conflict of divergent racial stocks has brought us a recrudescence of the race theories of Gobineau and H. S. Chamberlain. The more or less accidental success of Grant's "The Passing of the Great Race" is equaled by the spread of the propaganda of Stoddard, Gould, and Barr. So long as such books remain in the limbo of the accurate and the scientific, thinking persons pay little attention to them. When a work appears, however, which has considerable scientific validity, as has the present one, but in which the conclusions seem twisted to fit preconceptions and to give strength to racial prejudices, it is time to take account of the trend of academic writing bearing on such an important and vital topic as racial mixture.

Professor Brigham, taking the data from the psychological examination of our army in 1917-18, has shown the decided superiority of draftees born in Northern as compared to Southern Europe. While there are several criticisms to be offered to the use of the statistical method alone in the treatment of racial differences, the writer's principal error lies in attempting to universalize his results to make them support an outworn thesis of the racial superiority of the Nordic stock. The work of Retzius and others has shown us the fallacy of the "Nordic race" theory. Further, the facts of overlapping in practically all racial traits as explained by Boas should prove sufficient correction of the assumptions of the present volume. In addition the tremendous force of the theory of cultural determinism, supported as it is with great evidence, ought to make us cautious in alleging marked intellectual differences in racial, to say nothing of sub-racial, stocks.

There are no doubt some racial differences as there are certainly large individual differences within races, but to argue for the inferiority of the Latin and Alpine stocks in contrast to the Germanic on the basis of the evidence Professor Brigham sets forth is to give aid and comfort to obscurantism rather than to foster true scientific analysis. Many sociologists and psychologists believe, on fairly good grounds, that intelligence-differences do exist between the recent immigration from Southern Europe and that of older standing from Northern Europe. On the other hand, very few assume that these differences denote universal differences between Northern and Southern populations as a whole, nor do a great many believe the same to be unaffected by environmental changes.

This discussion of the problem of "American Intelligence" would be stronger had the writer omitted his interpretative chapters borrowed from the Gobinists and confined himself to the purely statistical method with which he began his analysis.

KIMBALL YOUNG

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Books in Brief

The Day's Journey. By W. B. Maxwell. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

Mr. Maxwell presents to his followers one of the most interesting novels of the year. It is the story of a life-long friendship of two men of our own generation, a friendship which is tested by temperament, by unhappy marriages, and by war, which manifests itself in quarrels and separations, in moments of stress, and in the dull routine of daily interests. There is simple beauty in the author's prose and genuine art in the portraiture of his heroes.

Grey Towers. Anonymous. Covici-McGee Company. $2.

While it is pretty generally agreed that there is something wrong with the average American university, it remained for an anonymous antagonist to realize the fictional values in the prevailing iniquities. A novel which gives off creative heat over the injustices that lurk in thesis grading is a unique product, at any rate. Naturally, more serious transgressions are not wanting, and quite a sizable problem is worked up out of campus materials, possibly with the intent to separate the sheepskins from the goats.

Raw Material. By Dorothy Canfield. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Miss Canfield announced her intention in this collection of sketches to keep her feet religiously on the "strait neutral path of sacred Objectivity," but oddly enough, her best moments are those in which she has wandered from that resolve. Those sketches which conform most faithfully to the pattern of raw material—in the novelist's sense—are inclined to become little different from competent journalism; they are seldom provocative in the way that the author manifestly wished them to be—"pegs on which to hang the meditations of many different moods." Miss Canfield holds that character delineation which is without the mark of literary tools upon its surface is a more desirable product than that which has been cunningly polished by the devices of the novelist. It would be easy to refute this thesis without going outside her own book.

Heart's Blood. By Ethel M. Kelley. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

The Cape Cod of Joseph C. Lincoln, with its fluent old men and its too abundant cheerfulness, is emphatically absent from Miss Kelley's novel. If one desires an antidote for salty quaintness in fiction, this is it. The heart of a starved old maid, who is awkwardly but passionately in love with her cousin's husband, is exposed with almost clinical thoroughness, in a narrative devoid of humor. The one character in the book who has lived long enough to acquire a philosophy is called upon to act as tragic chorus; the rest are puppets of misplaced or unrewarded love. The novel's thesis seems to be: "How do you know what life is like? How do any of us know till we find out?"—and the solution: "There is no help for what there is no help for." A needless amount of futility can be crowded into such texts as these, and it appears that the novelist has strained a little beyond the borders of true character in order to be inevitable.

Drama

Gleams

SLOWLY and with something like reluctance the theater of the early season drags itself toward a point where contact with the human intelligence is conceivable. One need no longer alternate wholly between impulses of flight and cold disgust. Curiosity begins. One doesn't mind going to see what is happening. There is a perhaps.

Mr. Bores Thomashefsky, long famous on the East Side, has rented the Nora Bayes Theater and gives Broadway its first Yiddish playhouse. His first production, "The Three Little Business Men," is a complete mistake in judgment and a complete failure. It is Broadway hackwork at its rawest and ugliest; it is far too much Broadway trade-goods to make any impression on Broadway. Had the Moscow Players played "The Three Little Business Men" their stay would have been brief. What audience did Mr. Thomashefsky hope for? The ignorant, Jew or Gentile, go to vaudeville, burlesque, melodrama. The cultured up-town Jew will not abandon the productions of Hopkins or the Guild to see bad plays in a language he usually no longer understands. The Ghetto intellectual is even more fastidious than he. The cultured and liberal Gentile will, as the Moscow Players proved, go to see great plays greatly acted even in a hopelessly alien tongue. There is no reason why he should trouble himself about this silly and meretricious comedy. It is a pity that so wretched a choice was made. The acting of Mr. Thomashefsky and Mr. Rudolph Schildkraut was superb. It has a spontaneity, a solidity, a finish which the wanderer on Broadway is always yearning for and commonly in vain. Mr. Ludwig Satz is said to have an enviable reputation on the Jewish stage. But since Mr. Thomashefsky and Mr. Schildkraut played in a mood of almost austere realism and Mr. Satz gave a performance of pure burlesque in quality and technique I was too shocked by the discrepancy to relish his undoubted merit.

The pleasant Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter gives us his annual pleasant little play. This time it is called "Connie Goes Home" (Forty-ninth Street Theater). It is quite negligible as drama. But it is an uncommonly suitable play for the *jeune fille.* Perhaps there is no longer a *jeune fille;* perhaps sixteen is always flapper now. But if Louisa Alcott is still read, as I believe she is, there should be a large and justly delighted audience for the story of "Connie Goes Home" and for the most engaging performance of Miss Sylvia Field in the title role.

This brings me very naturally to the puppets. They are from the Teatro dei Piccoli in Rome and disport themselves at the Frolic, the third New York playhouse to be built on top of another one. The puppets are quite the most ingenious ever seen here. They are little marvels in agility and grace. The Pierrots are haunting, the Negro acrobat is astonishing, the prima donna is funny in an eerie way, and both Puss and the Ogre in César Cui's little opera "Puss in Boots" are all that they should be. But this too is a show for children. The adult imagination is pleased and astonished for a little while. Then it is jaded. It cannot play at the beautiful game of make-believe to quite this extent. To the child the puppets are neither puppets nor people. They are like Puss and the Ogre in Perrault's tale—creatures about whose nature you don't reflect. You simply accept them. But to grown-ups the puppets, alas, are puppets. You can't help seeing the wires. And when you have said: How ingenious, how delightful! you are quite ready to go.

You are also ready to go in the middle of the second act of what should have been the first important production of an important play this season. Mr. St. John Ervine is a tragic dramatist. He should stick to his last. "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" (Belasco Theater) reminds one inevitably of the scriptural crackling of thorns under a pot. And the thorns were picked by Oscar Wilde and the pot put on by Bernard Shaw. Mr. Ervine is painfully and elaborately and icily witty. After every Wildish line you can almost hear him: "Thank heaven! Another one. How many more will make a brilliant comedy?" The fable is foolish. It will not bear even indicating. Mrs. Fiske, determined at last to be understood, plays with her accustomed speed, edge, hard vivacity; she plays the same perverse and topsy-turvy lady whom, under varying names, she has played for some years. There never was any such lady. If there were she could not, of course, be better played than Mrs. Fiske plays her. To me that reflection is cold comfort. So here an eminent dramatist, an eminent actress, an eminent director have cooperated on something obviously trifling and shoddy. Why?

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

The New Dictator of Hungary

By EMIL LENGYEL

HUNGARY never had more right to being called the "reactionary storm-center of Europe" than since the ascension to unofficial power of Captain Julius Gömbös, leader of the right wing of the so-called "Christian-National Party" in the Hungarian Parliament. Captain Gömbös is the "strong man" of Hungary, a kind of Hungarian Mussolini, in whom many see the future military dictator of the land of the Magyars. It was Captain Gömbös who, dissatisfied with what he termed the "drifting of the government of Count Bethlen toward liberalism," organized the various Hungarian terroristic societies into a loosely connected association of the "defenders of the race." With their cooperation he quite recently initiated a reign of terror all over Hungary which, while directed chiefly against those whom he calls the "destructive elements," aims at the same time at the overturn of the present Hungarian Government and the establishment of a super-reactionary regime.

The strike of the railway men and locomotive engineers which was called in the first days of August was intended to be the prelude to a vigorous reign of terror of the Gömbös party. Characteristically, the strike was forced upon the unions by the extreme reactionaries with the threat that if they did not comply with the order of the "dictator" they would be treated as traitors of their country. Although the strike was unsuccessful and had to be called off thirty-six hours after it had started, the partisans of Gömbös did not let themselves be discouraged and continued to prepare for the time when a coup d'état, timed more judiciously, would sweep them into power. They documented their ambition in a spectacular way during the recent electioneering campaign in Cegléd, a large city of the Hungarian Puszta.

In Cegléd a new member of Parliament was to be elected. The Government made it a point of honor to carry away the victory and mobilized a considerable part of the financial and moral resources of the government party in support of its candidate. All their efforts were of no avail against the terroristic methods of Gömbös, who had his own candidate in the field. His men prevented two members of the Cabinet from speaking to the voters. They intimidated the inhabitants of the city to such an extent that when election day came only those appeared at the polling booths who voted for the candidate of Gömbös. As a result, the government candidate was defeated and one of Gömbös's lieutenants sent into the Budapest Commons.

One of the manifestations of the campaign of terror which is being carried on by the partisans of Gömbös is the suspension of liberal papers. The courts, which are to a considerable extent under the influence of the super-reactionary party, send newspapermen to jail by the score simply for having incurred the displeasure of the dictator. This servile submission of some members of the Hungarian bench was made clear in the Hungarian Parliament itself by Rezsö Rupert, one of the leaders of the liberal opposition. Mr. Rupert drew attention to the dangerous situation arising from the fact that judges are allowed to join terroristic political organizations such as that of the "Awakening Hungarians," main supporter of the reign of terror of Captain Gömbös. He said that several presidents of county courts had addressed inquiries to the competent authorities asking whether judges might be members of the organization of the "Awakening Hungarians" and that replies had been received stating that "inasmuch as this organization is not conducted along political lines" judges might become members. "The consequence of this decision is obvious," continued Mr. Rupert. "While criminals with political affiliations on the right side of the house are let off with a nominal punishment, editors of liberal papers are sentenced to years in jail for attacking the almighty 'Awakening Hungarians.'"

The aggressive attitude of members of the Gömbös faction sitting in the town council of Budapest assumed such proportions as to compel the aldermen of the opposition to quit their places in a body. The clash was precipitated by a debate about the compilation of the electoral lists from which—so the opposition asserted—the names of thousands of democrats and liberals were left out, because, as the official annotation on the lists termed it, "their birth could not be proved with the necessary documents."

The Hungarian Government which, on the one hand, sees its existence menaced by the aggression of the Gömbös group but, on the other hand, does not feel strong enough to struggle for political supremacy, makes strenuous efforts to bring them back to the fold by forcing upon Parliament the most reactionary measures. The most important of them, which, if passed, would crush the last remnants of constitutional liberty in Hungary, has been introduced in the House by Mr. Emil Nagy, Minister of Interior. A semi-official communique contained in the Budapest paper *Nemzeti Ujság* sums up the chief features of the bill:

Any person convicted of a political offense may be sentenced to the suspension of his political rights. Such persons are to be excluded from the political club or party of which they are members and their application for admission into another political party is to be rejected. They are forbidden to take part in political meetings. Their connection with newspapers as editor, publisher, or reporter is to be dissolved. It is in the discretion of the court to prohibit a person found guilty of a political offense from carrying on his present occupation or profession.

Disobedience toward the authorities charged with maintaining order in a meeting is punishable with from two to five years in jail.

Any person preventing the resumption or continuation of work with a view to causing or prolonging a strike or employing force against any of the parties in the controversy is subject to imprisonment for a maximum term of six months. This also applies to any person found guilty of instigating a strike.

Members of Parliament are liable to criminal prosecution for statements made in the plenum of the House or in any of the committees thereof if such statements are covered by the definition of the Penal Code of "slander" or "calumny." Permission to institute criminal action against a member of Parliament for any of the offenses specified is given by the House upon the recommendation of its committee charged to investigate cases of exemption from parliamentary immunity. The member thus extradited is to be tried before a special tribunal composed of the justices of the Royal Hungarian Curia.

The manufacture, sale, or possession of explosive materials or weapons is a criminal act punishable with imprisonment for life.

Persons whose political activities may prove a menace to the

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security of Hungary or may lead to internal disorder are to be placed under the supervision of the state police department. Such persons have to report at the local police station at intervals specified by the court. They cannot leave the locality in which their residence is situated unless they obtain the permission of the Minister of Interior to do so.

Hungarian liberal papers, in their comments upon the bill, point out that it would put the Government in a position to silence all members of Parliament, newspapers, or newspapermen whose political opinion was at variance with that held by the party in power. The threatened drastic punishment for the manufacture, sale, or possession of explosive materials or weapons is almost unanimously considered by the papers of the opposition as being intended for the consumption of public opinion abroad by proving that the Hungarian Government goes to the limit in uprooting the causes of anarchy. In the meantime, however, Gömbös and his "defenders of the race" keep Hungary in constant excitement with a long chain of outrages against "members of the other race" by whom they mean: liberals, Socialists, Jews, foreigners, and even the conservative-minded bourgeoisie if they do not approve of the terroristic methods of the dictator.

France and the Rhineland

THE following article signed by Franz Dahlem of Berlin, appears in the English edition of the *International Press Correspondence* for August 23:

The Great War was fought for the conquest of new fields for exploitation and new markets, for the purpose of defeating competitors and imposing favorable economic treaties. The Central Powers lost the war. It is not they who are now exploiting—as they intended it should be—the natural resources and man-power of a Rhineland-Westphalia and Lorraine-Belgium that lie beneath their sway. The matter is entirely reversed. The Entente was victorious. And it is now reaping the harvest of its success. . . .

It is only a waste of time to imitate the bourgeoisie in weighing the question as to whether the French are actuated more by political than by economic motives in making the attempt to separate the most valuable and flourishing part of Germany from the body of the state. When the Comité des Forges lays its hand on Rhineland-Westphalia, it is only natural that this conquest should be politically secured; that the French Government should intervene and the army advance—for that is why they are there.

Here it is merely intended to show, with the aid of some data and statements made by the leading men of France, the general line being taken by French Rhineland policy; we shall not here enter into the question as to how far the influence of Anglo-French antagonism has modified this line, or is further likely to modify it.

At the end of the year 1916 the French ministry set itself the following war aim in the West:

"France claims Alsace-Lorraine with the frontiers of 1792, the Saar district, and also demands the formation of an independent German state on the left bank of the Rhine, as a buffer state between France and Prussia."

On February 14, 1917, the following agreement was reached between the government of Czarist Russia and the Poincaré Government, in return for the cession of Constantinople to Russia:

"1. Alsace-Lorraine is to be restored to France.

"2. The frontiers are to be extended to at least the limits of the former dukedom of Lorraine (thus approximately to the line Trier-Kaiserslautern.—ED.), are to be drawn in accordance with the judgment of the French Government, as required by strategic necessities, and are to include the whole iron area and the whole Saar district as French territory.

"3. The remaining districts lying on the left bank of the Rhine, outside of the French districts, are to be converted into an independent and neutral state, and are to be occupied by French troops until the enemy states have completely fulfilled all the conditions and pledges contained in the peace treaty."

These arrangements were upset by revolutionary Russia.

General Foch, the commander-in-chief of the Allied troops, held tenaciously to the above agreement at the conferences which preceded the conclusion of the Versailles peace treaty. It suffices to cite the following from his memoranda of November 17, 1918, and January 10, 1919, at the peace conferences:

"Compared with the 64 to 75 millions of Germans living in Germany on the other side of the Rhine and in the surrounding states, the numbers of the population on the left bank of the Rhine are only as follows: Belgium 7,800,000, Luxemburg 260,000, Alsace-Lorraine 1,900,000, France 39,600,000, a total of 49,560,000. If we add to these 5,400,000 on the left bank of the Rhine, we obtain a total of 54,960,000.

". . . As this total by no means reaches the number of the German masses, it follows that there can be no neutral states on the left bank of the Rhine. The population on this bank must be in a position to take up arms against the German danger when this arises. Neutrality is a chimera, even from the standpoint of defense, for it must be an armed neutrality, and must be combined with the action of the neighboring powers. . . .

"This state organization must lead to the adoption of an anti-German attitude on the part of this population, a political attitude which can become military at a given moment. Thus the men capable of bearing arms must be organized, in times of peace, in numbers proportional to those of the population, as troops adapted to fight against Germany in case of war. . . .

"Besides this military necessity, such an arrangement must be accompanied by the following measures: (1) Germany must be absolutely prohibited from any military access to, or any political propaganda in, the country left of the Rhine; this country may even be protected by means of a neutral zone on the right bank. (2) The military occupation of the left bank of the Rhine is to be secured by the forces of the allies. (3) The left bank of the Rhine is to have its necessary markets secured by participation in a joint customs' regime with the other western states."

At the peace conference the standpoint of Clemenceau-Tardieu with regard to the western frontiers of Germany was, in view of the Anglo-American opposition, finally formulated as follows:

"1. In the general interest of peace, and in order to secure the execution of the fundamental clauses of the League of Nations, the western frontier of Germany is drawn on the Rhine. In consequence of this Germany renounces all sovereignty over, and all customs' connection with, the territory of the former Empire lying on the left bank of the Rhine. . . .

"3. The territories on the left bank of the Rhine (with the exception of Alsace-Lorraine) are to be constituted as one or more independent states, under the protection of the League of Nations."

After first rejecting the separation of the Rhineland from Germany, both Wilson and Lloyd George gave way. On April 20, 1919, the latter declared to Clemenceau that he was in agreement with an occupation for a period of fifteen years, and that this occupation, should Germany not meet her obligations, could be prolonged, or renewed after evacuation.

The decisive French ministerial council, which accepted the peace treaty in the form handed to Count Brockdorff-Rantzau on May 7, was held on April 25, 1919. In this decisive session, the Prime Minister, Clemenceau, addressed the following remarks to the President, Poincaré:

"M. President, you are much younger than I. In fifteen years

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I shall be here no longer; in fifteen years Germany will not have fulfilled all the clauses of the agreement; and in fifteen years, should you do me the honor to visit my grave, I am fully convinced that what you will have to tell me will be: 'We are on the Rhine, and intend to remain there.'"

Poincaré, as Premier, is continuing this policy with obstinate tenacity. The Ruhr action proves that imperialist France is now determined to present accomplished facts to the world. At the Versailles peace conference France's annexation policy was supported by the alleged necessity of securing France from fresh attacks on the part of Germany, but since then the Comité des Forges, the French military authorities, and the French statesmen, have been using much plainer language. It suffices to give two examples of this.

A draft drawn up in 1919 by the former commander-in-chief of the Rhine army, General Mangin, on the occupation of Düsseldorf and Duisburg, concludes as follows:

"It is possible to disorganize the steel industry, dyes (by-products), and agriculture (manures). There can be no question of killing industry and agriculture. The working population demands nothing more than to work for us, provided that it can get something to eat and is paid (!). Destruction of industry—social danger—risings—without profit to France. Article 270. Only the convention of Rhenish notabilities (co-operative and economic) could state what services German industry can perform for France in the occupied territory. These delegations will become the germ of the special representation of the special interests of the country. . . ."

M. Adrien Dariac, the chairman of the French finance commission, spoke even more clearly in his secret report to Poincaré on May 28, 1922:

"Could France not consider the exchange of German coke suitable for smelting, and French ore, for the purpose of joint exploitation, upon a basis on which real industrial cooperation would be possible? We cannot demand of Germany that she pay immense sums for thirty-five years, if, on the other hand, we are afraid to see her industries develop in a manner enabling her to pay her debts.

"But as soon as we have gained a footing on the right bank of the Rhine, and have forty-five million tons of ore at our disposal annually, we shall be in a position to play a decisive role in the German iron industry, for we can demand control of its production as an equivalent.

"The first act of our autonomy policy is the financial organization of the Rhineland: the drawing of our customs boundaries—closed to the east against Germany, open to the west to France in order to avoid the danger of economic strangulation arising from a double state wall and its attendant limitation of exchange of goods; further, a budget separate from that of the republic, and the substitution of the unhealthy mark by sound currency.

"The second act is the substitution of the Prussian officials by Rhenish ones.

"The third act is the expansion of the authoritative powers of the High Commission and the convention of an elected corporation.

"These are doubtless far-reaching plans, but plans which would be fully justified if carried out judiciously and with a capacity for differentiation, and in proportion to the extent to which Germany avoids fulfilling her obligations. A far-sighted policy could accomplish by means of skilful diplomacy—adding one link after another to its chain of actions—the gradual separation of a free Rhineland from Germany, under the military protection of France and Belgium."

This is the policy of imperialist France, and its accomplishment is being tenaciously striven for. No bourgeois government in Germany can put a stop to this work of destruction. It is only the proletariat, only the proletarian revolution, which can liberate the powers, and create for Soviet Germany the allies that can save the Rhineland and the entire country from colonial slavery. . . .

The Bulgarian Communists

THE attitude of the Bulgarian Communist Party to the recent revolution in Bulgaria is expressed in the following declaration addressed by the central committee of the party To the Workers and Peasants of Bulgaria:

On this night the government of the Peasant Party was overthrown by a military coup d'etat. A new government, headed by Professor Al. Zankoff, was created. . . . The new government is a government of a great coalition of all bourgeois parties, from the People's Party and the followers of Radoslavov to the Social Democrats. Only the Peasant Union, just overthrown, is excluded from this coalition.

The Stambuliisky government, which maintained its power over the masses of peasants and workers by terror and violence, is overthrown. It was the government of the peasant-bourgeoisie which, by its demagogy, succeeded in bringing within its fold considerable masses of the peasants, but which had used its power not to protect the interests and liberty of these masses but to uphold its own class and clique interests. It was a government which had not fulfilled its promises to the small landholders and farm laborers and which had sought to maintain its power not by the confidence of the toiling masses of the city and country but by the class dictatorship of the peasant bourgeoisie.

The government of the Peasant Party, which had suppressed the rights of the working population and pursued a bitter campaign of persecution against the sole defender of this population, the Communist Party—this government was itself to blame that it had lost the support of the workers and poor peasants in its fight against the bourgeois parties. Therefore the workers should not support this government today.

But the new government . . . is instituting, in the place of the overthrown military and police dictatorship of the peasant bourgeoisie, a new dictatorship of the city bourgeoisie. . . . A regime which begins its career with a military rebellion and military dictatorship offers no guaranties for the safety of the rights and liberties of the people. Therefore the workers and toiling peasants should not and will not give their support to the new government.

The parties of the city and peasant bourgeoisie which constantly talk of liberty and lawfulness are in reality treading under foot every right and liberty of the people. In their clique-fight for power they are making use of the government machinery and the armed forces of the country, and are ready to let loose a civil war in the country. The masque of bourgeois legality is torn, and the only party representing in fact the rights and liberties guaranteed by the constitution is now the Communist Party.

The toiling masses of the city and country will not take part in the struggle between the city and country bourgeoisie. Such participation would only mean for the toiling people to draw the chestnuts from the fire for their exploiters and oppressors.

While the working class and the toiling peasants abstain from giving their support either to the old or the new government, they must unite and fight independently for the protection of their class interests and for their political liberties.

We are not yet acquainted with the program of the new government. But for the past four decades we are acquainted with the acts of the parties constituting the new government. The laboring masses have no confidence in these parties. They must unite under the banner of the Communist Party and loudly and plainly express their willingness to fight for the realization of their demands.

In the name of the toiling people we demand that political liberties be respected and extended. We demand the full freedom of speech and press, of assemblage and coalition. We demand that measures be adopted against profiteering and raising of prices. We demand the lifting of the pressure of taxes

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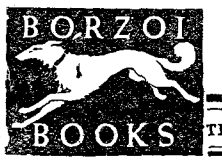

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burdening the working masses. We demand guaranties for the peace of the Bulgarian people. We call upon the working people of the city and country to unite and fight for the realization of these immediate demands and for all slogans of the Communist Party.

A partial fulfilment of these demands can be accomplished only under the constant and growing pressure of the struggle of the working population. Completely they can be achieved only when a new power shall be instituted—the government of the workers and peasants. Only a workers' and peasants' government which would originate not within the parties of the city and peasant bourgeoisie but in the ranks of the workers and toiling peasants, and which would be supported by the organizations and armed forces of the workers and peasants, will guarantee the freedom and peace of the country and defend the interests of the working population. . . .

The new government has so far not raised its hand against the Communist Party. But the recently instituted regime of military dictatorship is directed against the rights and liberties of the working people, and so also against the Communist Party. While we demand that these rights and liberties be reestablished, that the state of siege be lifted, we call upon you to gather under the banner of the Communist Party and to be prepared to resume the struggle as soon as the government raises its fist against the only party representing the interests of the workers.

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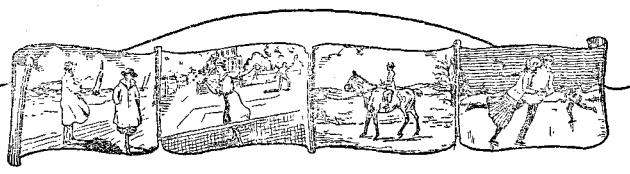

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